





RUDYARD KIPLING.

BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS

By RUDYARD KIPLING

Author of "PLAIN TALES FROM THE HILLS,"
"THE PHANTOM RICKSHAW," "THE LIGHT
THAT FAILED," "SOLDIERS THREE," "MINE
OWN PEOPLE," etc., etc. ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡



A Much-Discerning Public hold the Singer generally sings
Of personal and private things, and prints and sells his
past for gold.

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

BY

HENRY KETCHAM.

Kipling's Poems

*I have eaten your bread and salt,
I have drunk your water and wine,
The deaths ye died I have watched beside,
And the lives that ye led were mine.*

*Was there aught that I did not share
In vigil or toil or ease,—
One joy or woe that I did not know,
Dear hearts across the seas?*

*I have written the tale of our life
For a sheltered people's mirth,
In jesting guise—but ye are wise,
And ye know what the jest is worth.*



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BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

THE last quarter of the Nineteenth Century is full of surprises in art, science, exploration, and in nearly every other department of human learning and experience. Not the the least of all these surprises is the sudden and brilliant advent of Rudyard Kipling in literature. Though he is still a young man, few authors are more widely known than he. It would not be easy to find a bookseller who is not familiar with his name, or a popular library which does not give generous space to his stories and his verse.

Though his advent was sudden and took the reading world by surprise, it must not be inferred that he, like Burns, was without literary antecedents. One of his mother's sisters was the wife of Sir Edward Burne Jones, and an-

other was the wife of Sir Edward Poynter. Of his mother herself it is enough to bear in mind that he dedicated to her the "Plain Tales from the Hills," designating her as "the Wittiest Woman in India." So much for that side of the family.

His father, John Lockwood Kipling, was educated in Architectural Sculpture, and from 1861 to 1865 was engaged in the decoration of the South Kensington Museum. In the latter year he was appointed to the professorship of Architectural Sculpture in the Bombay School of Art, and held that position for ten years. In 1875 he became principal of the Mayo School of Art, and curator of the Central Museum, both located at Lahore.

Rudyard Kipling's sister Alice,—now Mrs. Fleming,—has proved her literary ability by the production of two successful novels.

It is thus quite clear that this genius came of good stock, and that, as to the aristocracy of brains and of social culture, he is to the manner born. His ancestry and his lifelong surround-

ings harmonize perfectly with his brilliant career.

He was born at Bombay December 30, 1865. His extensive travels commenced early in life, for he made a brief visit to England when less than three years of age, and in 1871, when five years old, he was left in England for education. In 1877 his parents returned to England and were with him for a year. After that they went back to India and he was put in the Westward Ho School at Biddeford, Devon. Four years later he completed his course and was graduated in 1882.

Doubtless, "Stalky & Co." has a basis of fact, but seeing that the author has such a vigorous imagination, it is not safe to look too closely to such a story for historical information. It is suggestive, however, that in that syndicate of mischievous boys, Beetle, who is certainly intended for the author himself, is the dramatist and the writer of songs. It is worthy of notice that these boys were to a degree enthusiastic over Dumas and Ruskin, a fact which attests

the correctness of their literary taste. It is, therefore, tolerably safe to infer that Kipling early developed a taste for the best in literature. It is certain that he early felt the impulse to write, for a volume of verses was issued while he was still in school. This was "School-boy Lyrics," privately printed in 1881, when the author was fifteen years of age.

After graduation from school, he went not up to either of the two great universities of Oxford or Cambridge, but back to India and into a newspaper office. He first served the *Civil and Military Gazette* of Lahore for five years. He then connected himself with the *Pioneer*, of the same city, and was sent as special correspondent to Allahabad. This connection lasted for two years. It is more than hinted that his relations with the chiefs of staff were not entirely satisfactory. Nor is it surprising that the editor, who wanted news items or editorial paragraphs, should refuse to be satisfied with tales from the hills or the plains as a substitute therefor.

It is not uncommon for young men of talent, and those of no talent as well, to chafe under the routine of daily tasks. There is no occasion to criticise either Kipling or his employer in these years of his early work. He was simply finding himself. He worked gradually into journalistic correspondence, a task which gave play to his close observation and his unusual descriptive powers. He made, from time to time, various minor tours for this purpose, and these culminated in 1889 in a grand tour around the world. The letters written on this tour were practically his valedictory to journalism. He has indeed since written for newspapers, notably for the *London Times*, but such letters were few and they have apparently ceased forever.

On January 18, 1892, he married in London Miss Carolyn Starr Balestier, the daughter of a merchant of New York. The couple started almost immediately for a tour around the world. It was in their plan to visit Robert Louis Stevenson at Samoa. What a meeting

that would have been! But fate decreed otherwise and by the failure of a bank the course of the travellers was necessarily diverted, so that these two young men, each a prince, never met.

Mrs. Kipling possessed an estate near Brattleboro, Vermont, and this the couple made their home for four years. In 1898 they established their home at Rottingdean near Brighton, England, fifty miles south of London, on the English Channel. There they continue to reside at this present writing. 1897-8 Kipling spent in South Africa.

In 1899 the Kipling family came to America and to sorrow. The entire family were taken ill, and Josephine, the eldest child, her father's pet and—more than pet—companion, died. In the meantime so ill was Rudyard Kipling himself that for many days his life seemed to hang by a thread.

Thereupon occurred a marvellous thing. It was an outbreak of affection from all classes and conditions of men. Since the death of Gar-

field and Grant there has not been in this country so general an interest in the life and health of any person. Frequent bulletins were displayed and the news of his condition was telegraphed over the length and breadth of this land. Not only that, but from over the sea letters and telegrams of inquiry and of sympathy were received by the score, one might say, by the bushel. These came, not from England alone, but from various continental countries. They came from persons most eminent in letters and highest in social standing.

There was one marked exception to this general interest,—namely, the royal family of England. The marked silence of this family was the more noticeable from the fact that Kipling is an enthusiastic imperialist, as the “Seven Seas” the “Recessional” bear witness. The reason of it can only be guessed, and the probable guess is that, when private Thomas Atkins spoke of the queen as “the Widow of Windsor,” the author incurred Her Imperial Majesty’s dis-

pleasure to such an extent that not even the grandeur of later poems has been able to effect a reconciliation.

The undisguised interest of children (of all ages) who have been entranced by the "Jungle Books," may have done something to compensate for the royal slight. The grateful interest of these thousands of children is a more than royal compliment. And it is perfectly right. "I tell you that, if these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out."

The writings of Kipling are voluminous. The first three books, or booklets, issued were not put on the market after the usual commercial method. The first of these was "Schoolboy Lyrics," already mentioned. The next was "Echoes by Two Writers." This is supposed to contain poetic parodies, but it is out of print and is practically inaccessible. A copy was recently sold for the large sum of more than thirty-three pounds sterling. The third book was entitled, "Quartette, The Christmas Annual," etc., which seems to have been a sort

of a family production. These three books are not in the general market.

His authorship began in earnest in 1886 with the publication of "Departmental Ditties." From that day his volumes have appeared in rapid—almost dazzling—succession, averaging about two a year to the present day.

An amazing fact in connection with his writing is the wide range of subjects. His prose has been tabulated in six classes as follows: Soldier Stories, Native Stories, The English in India, Ghost Stories, Child Stories, and Sea Stories. Even this extensive classification does not include such stories as the "Brushwood Boy" and ".007."

If one attempts to find a permanent place in literature for Kipling, one is met at the outset with this caution from Kipling himself: "There are so many ways in which a living man can fall from grace," etc. (Letter to J. W. Clarke). Even so careful a critic as W. D. Howells early classed "the Rider Haggards and the Rudyard Kiplings" together. But, since the publication

of the "Seven Seas," Mr. Howells appears to have experienced a change of heart, for no one accorded heartier praise than he to that volume. Kipling is "still in solution." We must leave the question of his permanency in literature to the next generation and content ourselves with studying him as he now is. There are, among others, three traits which combine to give Kipling his power. The first of these, which has already been suggested, is his wide range of subjects. Even a cursory reading of his titles shows that he has not concentrated his effort upon one specific class of subjects with the determination of giving his whole attention to the mastery of that. Whatever comes his way he takes. Nothing human is alien to him.

Joined to this is his accuracy in detail. Experts say that he makes few or no mistakes. He understands the sea like a sailor. His description of machinery could not be more complete and accurate—so machinists have told me—if he had worked in a machine shop all his life. He has caught the secret of the general manage-

ment of railways. The peculiarities of dialect he knows—a most difficult subject to master.

But the third trait of Kipling, not less important than the other two, is that he has entered an entirely new field of literature. This is the personation, or the humanizing, of machinery. For many centuries, authors have attributed human thoughts and feelings to animals. Kipling is the pioneer in doing this for machinery. He has, therefore, created a new era. He is the discoverer of this field,—let us rather call it continent. He has not ventured timidly into the range of subjects, he has mastered them. He came, he saw, he conquered. He has shown that all the good stories have *not* been told. “MacAndrew’s Hymn” has marked an epoch. It is a “new note” in literature. In “The Ship that Found Herself,” and “.007,” the machine pulsates with life akin to the human.

At the same time he wrote in his “Jungle Books” of animals with a sympathy and sweetness rarely equalled, never surpassed.

The student will ask, Where did he get his

style, and what are its qualities? He does not write like Addison, or De Quincy, or Thackeray. His matter is perfectly expressed by his manner. Professor Phelps declared that "the thought is the style." In that case Kipling's style is simply his own. The "Barrack Room Ballads" give no hint of the "Recessional," and "The Man who Would be King" does not suggest "The Brushwood Boy." But the same penetrative intellect, the same warm heart are evidenced in them all. His work is never dull. It is always forceful, picturesque, keen. He knows, not only what to say, but what to leave unsaid. He describes well, but he suggests more. Upon occasion he is master of the inuendo.

Not even Dickens had a livelier sympathy with the poor. Not even Thackeray was more relentless in unmasking the players in "Vanity Fair." The climax of "The Gadsbys,"—"My God, Pip, I was a good woman once!"—has been compared with the climax of "Vanity Fair,"—"She *admired* her husband, strong,

brave, victorious." This we consider high praise.

Kipling, in "At the End of the Passage," presses close to the manner of Poe. But there is this difference, that Poe's stories bear no message and have no moral, while in Kipling's story the hero deliberately chooses to endure insomnia, the fever, insanity, and all the torments of the damned rather than accept leave of absence, simply because if he is relieved, his burdens will fall on a married man, whose life must not be risked for his wife's sake.

In "The Man who Would be King" we find, not only an unsurpassed example of climax, but an example of nobility of nature where one would least expect it. Dravot is a tramp, an adventurer, a blackguard, with no vice or crime omitted. But when he goes to meet his torture his last thought is to save the others, while he moves on to his fate with the majesty of a king. Bret Harte could not surpass this. S. R. Crockett regarded this as Kipling's greatest

story. Perhaps it was. But other stories have since been written by him.

Among his poems, two which require specific mention are the "Recessional" and "The White Man's Burden." Despite the fact that these are permeated with the author's enthusiasm for imperialism,—a doctrine that finds scant toleration in America,—these poems have won universal and profound admiration. This is due to the noble elevation of sentiment joined to faultless literary finish. The "Recessional" has been used as the text of sermons, it has been set to music, it has been in demand by the pupils of our public schools. Though every other line of the author should perish, this alone is sufficient to give him high rank as a poet.

The "Barrack Room Ballads," "Departmental Ditties," and "Other Verses," all for the most part cover substantially the same class of subjects, dealing with Tommy Atkins, the British common soldier in India. The subject is coarse, not to say brutal, and naturally the treatment corresponds to the coarseness of the

subject. In estimating such works, there are two questions to consider: First, Ought the subjects to be treated at all? Secondly, If so, would a different treatment be better?

The justification of this class of subjects is found in the essential poetry of human life. This is in some respects more attractive, it is certainly more startling, when seen in unexpected places, in coarse and rough men and women. The British common soldier is surely coarse and rough, even to the point of brutality, as are his associates. It is the poet's mission to find the human in the brutal, the pure in the vile, the fine in the coarse, and display it truthfully. The result should not be vulgarizing but elevating.

Tommy Atkins, the soldier, gets neither honor nor consideration in times of peace, but when danger threatens he receives every attention and respect.

“O it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' ‘Tommy, go away;’
But it's ‘Thank you, Mister Atkins,’ when the band begins
to play. . . ,
An' Tommy ain't a bloomin' fool—you bet that Tommy
secs!”

Gunga Din, "the water-carrier attached to regiments in India, is often one of the most devoted of the Queen's servants." He fearlessly serves the soldiers during the battle and is in the act of attending a wounded soldier when he comes to his death "drilled" by a bullet. His last words are the courtesy of faithfulness,—“I 'ope you liked your drink.”

“So I'll meet 'im later on
In the place where 'e is gone—
Where it's always double drill and no canteen;
'E'll be squattin' on the coals
Givin' drink to poor damned souls. . . .
You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din!”

Mandalay, even through the medium of its coarseness, conveys a marvellous expression of homesickness.

“Ship me somewheres East of Suez where the best is like the worst,
Where there aren't no Ten Commandments an' a man can raise a thirst;
For the temple-bells are callin', an' it's there that I would be—
By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' lazy at the sea—
On the road to Mandalay.”

Uriah is a replica of the story as old as the kingdom of Israel, but how startling is the conclusion:

“And, when the Last Great Bugle Call
Adown the Hurnai throb....

And Quetta graveyards give again
 Their victims to the air,
 I shouldn't like to be the man
 Who sent Jack Barrett there."

The *Bandar* is the ape that, as the author dreams in "Divided Destinies," visits him and commiserates him upon the annoyances and burdens of civilization. The poet candidly acknowledges the soft impeachment and gently sends away his grotesque visitor:

"So I answered: 'Gentle *Bandar*, an inscrutable Decree
 Makes thee a gleeesome fleasome Thou, and me a wretched Me.
 Go! Depart in peace, my brother, to thy home amid the pine;
 Yet forget not once a mortal wished to change his lot with
 thine.' "

The "Ballad of Fisher's Boarding House" shows with great beauty the constancy, the faithful love, the dying hope, of Hans the Dane, set in contrast with the perfidy of Anne of Austria, who brought about his death.

"Thus slew they Hans the blue-eyed Dane,
 Bull-throated, bare of arm,
 But Anne of Austria looted first
 The maid Ultruda's charm—
 The little silver crucifix
 That keeps a man from harm."

One will read many a volume of poems without coming upon a climax equal to that.

Pagett, M. P., is one of those cheap politicians who make flying holiday trips to a country, and

return claiming to know it all. The poet contrived that he should have a fair experience of prickly-heat, mosquitoes, sandflies, dust-storms, liver trouble, fever, dysentery, cholera morbus, and homesickness, and when the mercury registered one hundred and twenty, he fled with a practical knowledge of the "solar myths" of India. One cannot avoid sharing in the glee of the poet as he concludes:

"And I laughed as I drove from the station, but the mirth
died out on my lips
As I thought of the fools like Pagett who write of their
'Eastern Trips,'
And the sneers of the travelled idiots who duly misgovern
the land,
*And I prayed to the Lord to deliver another one into my
hand.*"

We have specified a half-dozen of these poems, taken almost at random, for the purpose of enlisting the interest of the general reader. If this object be accomplished, even in a slight degree, the purpose of this sketch will be achieved.

It has been said that Kipling has not yet proved his ability of sustained effort. This means that he has not written a poem in twelve cantos, nor a novel in two volumes. It is to be

remembered that bigness is not greatness, and that upon library shelves may be found many a dusty volume, which, despite its thousands of lines, is less great than the "Recessional."

We have no way of knowing what Kipling may do in the future, nor is it a matter of great moment whether he chooses to write in a greater or a less number of pages. It is to be hoped only that he may not abate his penetration, sympathy, humor, tenderness, irony, exactness, and those other qualities which give him his pre-eminence to-day.

HENRY KETCHAM.

DANNY DEEVER

“WHAT are the bugles blowin’ for?” said Files-on-Parade.

“To turn you out, to turn you out,” the Color-Sergeant said.

“What make you look so white, so white?” said Files-on-Parade.

“I’m dreadin’ what I’ve got to watch,” the Color-Sergeant said.

For they’re hangin’ Danny Deever, you
can ’ear the Dead March play,

The regiment’s in ’ollow square—they’re
hangin’ him to-day;

They’ve taken of his buttons off an’ cut
his stripes away,

An’ they’re hangin’ Danny Deever in
the mornin’.

“What makes the rear-rank breathe so ’ard!”
said Files-on-Parade.

“It’s bitter cold, it’s bitter cold,” the Color-
Sergeant said.

“What makes that front-rank man fall down?”
says Files-on-Parade.

“A touch of sun, a touch of sun,” the Color-
Sergeant said.

They are hangin’ Danny Deeever, they
are marchin’ of ’im round,

They ’ave ’alted Danny Deeever by ’is
coffin on the ground;

An’ ’e’ll swing in ’arf a minute for a
sneakin’, shootin’ hound—

O they’re hangin’ Danny Deeever in the
mornin’!

“ ’Is cot was right-’and cot to mine,” said
Files-on-Parade.

“ ’E’s sleepin’ out an’ far to-night,” the Color-
Sergeant said.

“I’ve drunk ’is beer a score o’ times,” said
Files-on-Parade.

“ ’E’s drinkin’ bitter beer alone,” the Color-
Sergeant said.

They are hangin’ Danny Deeever, you
must mark ’im to ’is place,
For ’e shot a comrade sleepin’—you must
look ’im in the face;
Nine ’undred of ’is county an’ the regi-
ment’s disgrace,
While they’re hangin’ Danny Deeever in
the mornin’.

“What’s that so black agin the sun?” said
Files-on-Parade.

“It’s Danny fightin’ ’ard for life,” the Color-
Sergeant said.

“What’s that that whimpers over’ead?” said
Files-on-Parade.

“It’s Danny’s soul that’s passin’ now,” the
Color-Sergeant said.

For they're done with Danny Deever,
you can 'ear the quickstep play,
The regiment's in column, an' they're
marchin' us away;
Ho! the young recruits are shakin', an'
they'll want their beer to-day,
After hangin' Danny Deever in the
mornin'.

“TOMMY.”

I WENT into a public-'ouse to get a pint o' beer,
The publican 'e up an' sez, “We serve no red-
coats here.”

The girls be'ind the bar they laughed an' giggled fit to die,

I outs into the street again, an' to myself sez I:

O it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an'
“Tommy go away;”

But it's “Thank you Mister Atkins,”
when the band begins to play,

The band begins to play, my boys, the
band begins to play,

O it's “Thank you, Mister Atkins,”
when the band begins to play.

I went into a theater as sober as could be,
They give a drunk civilian room, but 'adn't
none for me;

They sent me to the gallery or round the
music-'alls,

But when it comes to fightin', Lord! they'll
shove me in the stalls.

For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an'

“Tommy wait outside;”

But it's “Special train for Atkins,”

when the trooper's on the tide,

The troopship's on the tide, my boys, etc.

O makin' mock o' uniforms that guard you while
you sleep

Is cheaper than them uniforms, an' they're
starvation cheap;

An' hustlin' drunken sodgers when they're
goin' large a bit

Is five times better business than paradin' in
full kit.

Then it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that,

an' “Tommy, 'ow's yer soul?”

But it's “Thin red line of 'eroes” when
the drums begin to roll,

The drums begin to roll, my boys, etc.
 We aren't no thin red 'eroes, nor we aren't no
 blackguards too,
 But single men in barricks, most remarkable
 like you;
 An' if sometimes our conduct isn't all your
 fancy paints,
 Why, single men in barricks don't grow into
 plaster saints.

While it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that,
 an' "Tommy fall be'ind;"
 But it's "Please to walk in front, sir,"
 when there's trouble in the wind,
 There's trouble in the wind, my boys, etc.
 You talk o' better food for us, an' schools, an'
 fires, an' all:
 We'll wait for extry rations if you treat us
 rational.
 Don't mess about the cook-room slops, but
 prove it to our face

The Widow's uniform is not the soldier-man's
disgrace.

For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that,
an' "Chuck him out, the brute!"

But it's "Saviour of 'is country" when
the guns begin to shoot;

An' it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that,
an' anything you please;

An' Tommy ain't a bloomin' fool—you
bet that Tommy sees!

“FUZZY-WUZZY.”

(*Soudan Expeditionary Force.*)

WE'VE fought with many men acrost the seas,
 An' some of 'em was brave an' some was not:
 The Paythan an' the Zulu an' Burmese;
 But the Fuzzy was the finest o' the lot.
 We never got a ha'porth's change of 'im:
 'E squatted in the scrub an' 'ocked our 'orses,
 'E cut our sentries up at Suakim,
 An' 'e played the cat an' banjo with our
 forces.

So 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your
 'ome in the Sowdan;
 You're a pore benighted 'eathen but a
 first-class fightin' man;
 We gives you your certifikit, an' if you
 want it signed
 We'll come an' 'ave a romp with you
 whenever you're inclined.

We took our chanst among the Kyber 'ills,
The Boers knocked us silly at a mile,
The Burman guv us Irriwaddy chills,
An' a Zulu *impi* dished us up in style:
But all we ever got from such as they
Was pop to what the Fuzzy made us swaller;
We 'eld our bloomin' own, the papers say,
But man for man the Fuzzy knocked us 'oller.
Then 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, an'
the missis and the kid;
Our orders was to break you, an' of
course we went an' did.
We sloshed you with Martinis, an' it
wasn't 'ardly fair;
But for all the odds agin you, Fuzzy-
Wuz, you bruk the square.

'E 'asn't got no papers of 'is own,
'E 'asn't got no medals nor rewards,
So we must certify the skill 'e's shown
In usin' of 'is long two-'anded swords:

When 'e's 'oppin' in an' out among the bush
 With 'is coffin-'eaded shield an' shovel-spear,
 A 'appy day with Fuzzy on the rush
 Will last a 'ealthy Tommy for a year.

So 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, an' your
 friends which is no more,

If we 'adn't lost some messmates we
 would 'elp you to deplore;

But give an' take's the gospel, an' we'll
 call the bargain fair,

For if you 'ave lost more than us, you
 crumpled up the square!

'E rushes at the smoke when we let drive,

An', before we know, 'e's 'ackin' at our 'ead;

'E's all 'ot sand an' ginger when alive,

An' 'e's generally shammin' when 'e's dead.

'E's a daisy, 'e's a ducky, 'e's a lamb!

'E's a injia-rubber idiot on the spree,

'E's the on'y thing that doesn't care a damn

For the Regiment o' British Infantee.

So 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your
 'ome in the Sowdan;
You're a pore benighted 'eathen but a
 first-class fightin' man;
An' 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, with
 your 'ayrick 'ead of 'air—
You big black boundin' beggar—for you
 bruk a British square.

OONTS!

(Northern India Transport Train.)

Wot makes the solider's 'eart to penk, wot
makes 'im to perspire?

It isn't standin' up to charge or lyin' down to
fire;

But it's everlastin' waitin' on a everlastin'
road

For the commissariat camel an' 'is commis-
sariat load.

O the *oont*,¹ O the *oont*, O the commissa-
riat *oont*!

With 'is silly neck a-bobbin' like a basket
full o' snakes;

¹ Camel: *oo* is pronounced like *u* in "bull," but by Mr. Atkins to rhyme with "front."

We backs 'im like a idol, an' you ought
to 'ear 'im grunt,
'An' when we gets 'im loaded up 'is
blessed girth-rope breaks.

Wot makes the rear-guard swear so 'ard when
night is drorin' in,
An' every native follower is shiverin' for 'is
skin?

It ain't the chanst o' bein' rushed by Paythans
frum the 'ills,
It's the commissariat camel puttin' on 'is
blessed frills!

O the *oont*, O the *oont*, O the hairy scary
oont!

A trippin' over tent-ropes when we've
got the night alarm;

We socks 'im with a stretcher-pole an'
'eads 'im off in front,

'An' when we've saved 'is bloomin' life
'e chaws our bloomin' arm.

The 'orse 'e knows above a bit, the bullock's
but a fool,

The elephant's a gentleman, the baggage-mule's
a mule;

But the commissariat cam-u-el, when all is said
an' done,

'E's a devil an' a ostrich an' a orphan-child in
one.

O the *oont*, O the *oont*, O the Gawd-for-
saken *oont*!

The 'umpy-lumpy 'ummin'-bird a-singin'
where 'e lies,

'E's blocked the 'ole division from the
rear-guard to the front,

An' when we gets 'im up again—the
beggar goes an' dies!

'E'll gall an' chafe an' lame an' fight; 'e smells
most awful vile;

'E'll lose 'imself forever if you let 'im stray a
mile;

'E's game to graze the 'ole day long an' 'owl the
'ole night through,

An' when 'e comes to greasy ground 'e splits
'isself in two.

O the *oont*, O the *oont*, O the floppin',
droppin' *oont*!

When 'is long legs give from under an'
'is meltin' eye is dim,

The tribes is up be'ind us an' the tribes
is out in front,

It ain't no jam for Tommy, but it's kites
and crows for 'im.

So when the cruel march is done an' when the
roads is blind,

An' when we sees the camp in front an' 'ears
the shots be'ind,

O then we strips 'is saddle off, and all 'is woes
is past:

'E thinks on us that used 'im so, an' gets re-
venge at last.

O the *oont*, O the *oont*, O the floatin',
bloatin' *oont*!

The late lamented camel in the water-cut
he lies;

We keeps a mile behind 'im an' we keeps
a mile in front,

But 'e gets into the drinkin' casks, and
then o' course we dies.

LOOT

If you've ever stole a pheasant-egg be'ind the
keeper's back,

If you've ever snigged the washin' frum the
line,

If you've ever crammed a gander in your
bloomin' 'aversack,

You will understand this little song o' mine.

But the service rules are 'ard, an' frum such we
are debarred.

For the same with British morals does not
suit

(*Cornet*: Toot! toot!)—

W'y, they call a man a robber if 'e stuffs 'is
marchin' clobber

With the—

(*Chorus*) Loo! loo! Lulu! lulu! Loo! loo! Loot
loot! loot!

'Ow the loot!

Bloomin' loot!

That's the thing to make the boys git up
an' shoot!

It's the same with dogs an' men,
If you'd make 'em come again
Clap 'em forward with a Loo! loo! Lulu!
Loot!

(ff)Whoopee! Tear 'im, puppy! Loo loo! Lulu!
Loot! loot! loot!

If you've knocked a nigger edgeways when e's
thrustin' for your life,

You must leave 'im very careful where 'e
fell;

An' may thank your stars an' gaiters if you
didn't feel 'is knife

That you ain't told off to bury him as well.
Then the sweatin' Tommies wonder as they
spade the beggars under

Why lootin' should be entered as a crime;

So if my song you'll 'ear, I will learn you plain
an' clear

'Ow to pay yourself for fightin' overtime
(*Chorus.*) With the loot, etc.

Now remember when you're 'acking round a
gilded Burma god

That 'is eyes is very often precious stones;
An' if you treat a nigger to a dose o' cleanin'-
rod

'E's like to show you everything 'e owns.
When 'e won't prodooce no more, pour some
water on the floor

Where you 'ear it answer 'ollow to the boot
(*Cornet:* Toot! toot!)—

When the ground begins to sink, shove your
baynick down the chink,

An' you're sure to touch the—

(*Chorus.*) Loo! loo! Lulu! Loot! loot! loot!
'Ow the loot, etc.

When from 'ouse to 'ouse you're 'untin' you
must always work in pairs—

It 'alves the gain, but safer you will find—
For a single man gits bottled on them twisty-
wisty stairs,

An' a woman comes and clobs 'im from
be'ind.

When you've turned 'em inside out, an' it
seems beyond a doubt

As if there weren't enough to dust a flute
(*Cornet*: Toot! toot!)—

Before you sling your 'ook, at the 'ouse-tops
take a look,

For it's underneath the tiles they 'ide the
loot.

(*Chorus.*) 'Ow the loot, etc.

You can mostly square a Sergint an' a Quarter-
master too,

If you only take the proper way to go;

I could never keep my pickin's, but I've learned
you all I knew—

An, don't you never say I told you so.

An' now I'll bid good-by, for I'm gettin' rather
dry,

An' I see another tunin' up to toot (*Cornet:*
Toot! toot!)—

So 'ere's good-luck to those that wears the
Widow's clo'es,

An' the Devil send 'em all they want o'
loot!

(*Chorus.*) Yes, the loot,
Bloomin' loot.

In the tunic an' the mess-tin an' the boot!

It's the same with dogs an' men,

If you'd make 'em come again

Whoop 'em forward with the Loo! loo! Lulu!

Loot! loot! loot!

Heeya! Sick 'im, puppy! Loo! loo! Lulu!

Loot! loot! loot!

SOLDIER, SOLDIER.

“SOLDIER, soldier come from the wars,
Why don’t you march with my true love?”
“We’re fresh from off the ship, an’ ’e’s maybe
give the slip,
An’ you’d best go look for a new love.”
New love! True love!
Best go look for a new love,
The dead they cannot rise, an’ you’d better
dry your eyes,
An’ you’d best go look for a new love.

“Soldier, soldier come from the wars,
What did you see o’ my true love?”
“I see ’im serve the Queen in a suit o’ rifle
green,
An’ you’d best go look for a new love.”

“Soldier, soldier come from the wars,
Did ye see no more o’ my true love?”

“I see’ im runnin’ by when the shots begun to
fly—

But you’d best go look for a new love.”

“Soldier, soldier come from the wars,
Did aught take ’arm to my true love?”

“I couldn’t see the fight, for the smoke it lay
so white—

An’ you’d best go look for a new love.”

“Soldier, soldier come from the wars,
I’ll up an’ tend to my true love!”

“ ’E’s lying on the dead with a bullet through
’is ’ead,

An’ you’d best go look for a new love.”

“Soldier, soldier come from the wars,
I’ll lie down an’ die with my true love!”

“The pit we dug’ll ’ide ’im an’ twenty men
beside ’im—

An’ you’d best go look for a new love.”

“Soldier, soldier come from the wars,
Do you bring no sign from my true love?”
“I bring a lock of 'air that 'e allus used to
wear,
An' you'd best go look for a new love.”

“Soldier, soldier come from the wars,
O then I know it's true I've lost my true
love!”

“An' I tell you truth again—when you've lost
the feel o' pain
You'd best take me for your true love.”

True love! New love!

Best take 'im for a new love.

*The dead they cannot rise, an' you'd
better dry your eyes,*

*'An' you'd best take 'im for your true
love.*

THE SONS OF THE WIDOW.

'AVE you 'eard o' the Widow at Windsor

With a hairy gold crown on 'er 'ead?

She 'as ships on the foam—she 'as millions at
'ome,

An' she pays us poor beggars in red.

(Ow, poor beggars in red!)

There's 'er nick on the cavalry 'orses

There's 'er mark on the medical stores—

An' 'er troopers you'll find with a fair wind
be'ind

That takes us to various wars.

(Poor beggars!—barbarious wars!)

Then 'ere's to the Widow at Windsor,

An' 'ere's to the stores an' the guns,

The men 'an the 'orses what makes up
the forces

O' Missis Victorier's sons.

(Poor beggars!—Victorier's sons!)

Walk wide 'o the Widow at Windsor,

For 'alf o' creation she owns:

We 'ave bought 'er the same with the sword an'
the flame,

An' we've salted it down with our bones.

(Poor beggars!—it's blue with our bones!)

Hands off o' the sons of the Widow,

Hands off o' the goods in 'er shop,

For the Kings must come down an' the Emperor
frown

When the Widow at Windsor says "Stop!"

(Poor beggars!—we're sent to say "Stop!")

Then 'ere's to the Lodge o' the Widow,

From the Pole to the Tropics it runs—

To the Lodge that we tile with the rank
an' the file,

An' open in forms with the guns.

(Poor beggars!—it's always them guns!)

We 'ave 'eard 'o the Widow at Windsor

It's safest to let 'er alone;

For 'er sentries we stand by the sea an' the land
Wherever the bugles are blown.

(Poor beggars!—an' don't we get blown!)

Take 'old o' the wings o' the mornin',
An' flop round the earth till you're dead;
But you won't get away from the tune that they
play

To the bloomin' old rag over'ead.

(Poor beggars!—it's 'ot over'ead!)

Then 'ere's to the sons o' the Widow,
Wherever, 'owever they roam.

'Ere's all they desire, an' if they re-
quire

A speedy return to their 'ome.

(Poor beggars!—they'll never see 'ome!)

TROOPIN'.

(Our Army in the East.)

TROOPIN', troopin', troopin' to the sea:

'Ere's September come again—the six-year
men are free.

O leave the dead be'ind us, for they cannot come
away

To where the ship's a-coalin' up that takes us
'ome to-day.

We're goin' 'ome, we're goin' 'ome,

Our ship is *at* the shore,

An' you must pack your 'aversack,

For we won't come back no more.

Ho, don't you grieve for me,

My lovely Mary-Anne,

For I'll marry you yit on a fourp'ny bit

As a time-expired man.

The *Malabar*' in 'arbor with the *Jumner* at 'er
tail,

An' the time-expired's waitin' of 'is orders for
to sail.

O the weary waitin' when on Khyber 'ills we
lay,

But the time-expired's waitin' of 'is orders
'ome to-day.

They'll turn us out at Portsmouth wharf in
cold an' wet an' rain,

All wearin' Injian cotton kit, but we will not
complain;

They'll kill us of pneumonia—for that's their
little way—

But damn the chills and fever, men, we're goin'
'ome to-day!

Troopin', troopin'—winter's round again!

See the new draf's pourin' in for the old cam-
paign;

Ho, you poor recruits, but you've got to earn
your pay—

What's the last from Lunnon, lads? We're
goin' there to-day.

Troopin', troopin', give another cheer--
'Ere's to English women an' a quart of English
beer;

The Colonel an' the regiment an' all who've got
to stay,

Gawd's mercy strike 'em gentle—Whoop! we're
goin' 'ome to-day.

We're goin' 'ome, we're goin' 'ome,

Our ship is *at* the shore,

'An' you must pack your 'aversack,

For we won't come back no more.

Ho, don't you grieve for me,

My lovely Mary-Anne,

For I'll marry you yit on a fourp'ny bit

As a time-expired man.

GUNGA DIN.

The *bhisti*, or water-carrier, attached to regiments in India, is often one of the most devoted of the Queen's servants. He is also appreciated by the men.

[THIS BALLAD IS EXTENSIVELY PLAGIARIZED.]

You may talk o' gin an' beer
When you're quartered safe out 'ere,
An' you're sent to penny-fights an' Aldershot
it;
But if it come to slaughter
You will do your work on water,
An' you'll lick the bloomin' boots of 'im that's
got it.
Now in Injia's sunny clime,
Where I used to spend my time
A-servin' of 'Er Majesty the Queen,
Of all them black-faced crew
The finest man I knew
Was our regimental *bhisti*, Gunga Din.

He was "Din! Din! Din!

You limping lump o' brick-dust, Gunga
Din!"

Hi! *slippy hitherao!*

Water, get it! *Panee lao!*

You squidgy-nosed old idol, Gunga Din!"

The uniform 'e wore

Was nothin' much before,

An' rather less than 'arf o' that be'ind,

For a twisty piece o' rag

An' a goatskin water-bag

Was all the field-equipment 'e could find.

When the sweatin' troop-train lay

In a sidin' through the day,

Where the 'eat would make your bloomin' eye-
brows crawl,

We shouted "Harry By!"

Till our throats were bricky-dry,

Then we wopped 'im 'cause 'e couldn't serve
us all.

¹Bring water swiftly.

²Mr. Atkins's equivalent for "O Brother!"

It was "Din! Din! Din!
You 'eathen, where the mischief 'ave you
been?
You put some *juldee* in it,
Or I'll *marrow*¹ you this minute
If you don't fill up my helmet, Gunga
Din!"

'E would dot an' carry one
Till the longest day was done
An' 'e didn't seem to know the use o' fear.
If we charged or broke or cut,
You could bet your bloomin' nut,
'E'd be waitin' fifty paces right flank rear.
With 'is *mussick* on 'is back,
'E would skip with our attack,
An' watch us till the bugles made "Retire."
An' for all 'is dirty 'ide
'E was white, clear white, inside
When 'e went to tend the wounded under fire

¹Hit you.

It was “Din! Din! Din!”

With the bullets kickin’ dust-spots on the
green.

When the cartridges ran out,

You could ’ear the front-files shout:

“Hi! ammunition-mules an’ Gunga
Din!

I sha’n’t forgit the night

When I dropped be’ind the fight

With a bullet where my belt-plate should ’a’
been.

I was chokin’ mad with this st,

An’ the man that spied me first

Was our good old grinnin’, gruntin’ Gunga
Din!

’E lifted up my ’ead,

An’ ’e plugged me where I bled,

An’ ’e guv me ’arf-a-pint o’ water—green;

It was crawlin’ and it stunk,

But of all the drinks I’ve drunk,

I’m gratefulest to one from Gunga Din.

It was "Din! Din! Din!

'Ere's a beggar with a bullet through 'is
spleen;

'E's chawin' up the ground an' 'e' kick-
in' all around:

For Gawd's sake git the water, Gunga
Din!"

'E carried me away

To where a *dooli* lay,

An' a bullet come an' drilled the beggar clean.

'E put me safe inside,

An' just before 'e died:

"I 'ope you liked your drink," sez Gunga
Din.

So I'll meet 'im later on

In the place where 'e is gone—

Where it's always double drill and no canteen;

'E'll be squattin' on the coals

Givin' drink to pore damned souls,

An' I'll get a swig in Hell from Gunga Din!

Din! Din! Din!

You Lazarushian-leather Gunga Din!

Tho' I've belted you an' flayed you,

By the livin' Gawd that made you,

You're a better man that I am, Gunga

Din!

MANDALAY.

By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' eastward
to the sea,

There's a Burma girl a-settin', an' I know she
thinks o' me;

For the wind is in the palm-trees, an' the temple-bells they say:

"Come you back, you British soldier; come you
back to Mandalay!"

Come you back to Mandalay,

Where the old Flotilla lay:

Can't you 'ear their paddles chunkin'
from Rangoon to Mandalay?

O the road to Mandalay,

Where the flyin'-fishes play,

An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer
China 'crost the Bay!

'Er petticut was yaller an' 'er little cap was
green,

An' 'er name was Supi-yaw-lat—jes' the same
as Theebaw's Queen,

An' I seed her fust a-smokin' of a whackin'
white cheroot,

An' a-wastin' Christian kisses on an 'eathen
idol's foot:

Bloomin' idol made o' mud—

Wot they called the Great Gawd Budd—

Plucky lot she cared for idols when I

kissed 'er where she stud!

On the road to Mandalay—

When the mist was on the rice-fields an' the sun
was droppin' slow,

She'd git 'er little banjo an' she'd sing "*Kulla-
lo-lo!*"

With 'er arm upon my shoulder an' her cheek
agin my cheek

We uster watch the steamers an' the *hathis*
pilin' teak.

Elephints a-pilin' teak
In the sludgy, squidgy creek,
Where the silence 'ung that 'eavy you
was 'arf afraid to speak!
On the road to Mandaday—

But that's all shove be'ind me—long ago an' fur
away,

An' there ain't no 'buses runnin' from the
Bank to Mandalay;

An' I'm learnin' 'ere in London what the ten-
year sodger tells:

“If you've 'eard the East a-callin', why, you
won't 'eed nothin' else.”

No! you won't 'eed nothin' else

But them spicy garlic smells

An' the sunshine an' the palm-trees an'
the tinkly temple bells!

On the road to Mandalay—

I am sick o' wastin' leather on these gritty
pavin'-stones,

An' the blasted Henglish drizzle wakes the
fever in my bones;

Tho' I walks with fifty 'ousemaids outer
Chelsea to the Strand,

An' they talks a lot o' lovin', but wot do they
understand?

Beefy face an' grubby 'and—

Law! wot *do* they understand?

I've a neater, sweeter maiden in a
cleaner, greener land!

On the road to Mandalay—

Ship me somewheres east of Suez where the
best is like the worst,

Where there aren't no Ten Commandments, an'
a man can raise a thirst;

For the temple-bells are callin', an' it's there
that I would be—

By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' lazy at
the sea—

On the road to Mandalay,

Where the old Flotilla lay,

With our sick beneath the awnings when
we went to Mandalay!
Oh, the road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin'-fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder
outer China 'crost the Bay!

THE YOUNG BRITISH SOLDIER.

WHEN the 'arf-made recruity goes out to the
East

'E acts like a babe an' 'e drinks like a beast,
An' 'e wonders because 'e is frequent de-
ceased

Ere 'e's fit for to serve as a soldier.

Serve, serve, serve as a soldier,

Serve, serve, serve as a soldier,

Serve, serve, serve as a soldier,

So-oldier *hof* the Queen!

Now all you recruities what's drafted to-day,
You shut up your rag-box an' 'ark to my lay,
An' I'll sing you a soldier as far as I may:

A soldier what's fit for a soldier.

Fit, fit, fit for a soldier—

First, mind you steer clear o' the grog-sellers'
huts,

For they sell you Fixed Bay'nets that rots out
your guts—

Ay, drink that 'ud eat the live steel from your
butts—

An' it's bad for the young British soldier.

Bad, bad, bad for the soldier—

When the cholera comes—as it will past a
doubt—

Keep out of the wet and don't go on the shout,
For the sickness comes in as the liquor dies
out,

An' it crumples the young British sol-
dier.

Crum-, crum-, crumples the soldier—

But the worst o' your foes is the sun over'ead
You *must* wear your 'elmet for all that is said.
If 'e finds you uncovered 'e'll knock you down
dead,

An' you'll die like a fool of a soldier.

Fool, fool, fool of a soldier—

If you're cast for fatigue by a sergeant unkind,
Don't grouse like a woman nor crack on nor
blind;

Be handy and civil, and then you will find
As it's beer for the young British
soldier.

Beer, beer, beer for the soldier—

Now, if you must marry, take care she is old—
A troop-sergeant's widow's the nicest I'm
told—

For beauty won't help if your vittles is cold,
An' love ain't enough for a soldier,
'Nough, 'nough, 'nough for a sol-
dier—

If the wife should go wrong with a comrade,
be loath

To shoot when you catch 'em—you'll swing, on
my oath!—

Make 'im take 'er and keep 'er; that's hell for
them both,

'An' you're quit o' the curse of a
soldier.

Curse, curse, curse of a soldier—

When first under fire an' you're wishful to duck,
Don't look or take 'eed at the man that is
struck,

Be thankful you're livin' an' trust to your
luck,

An' march to your front like a soldier.

Front, front, front like a soldier.

When 'arf of your bullets fly wide in the ditch,
Don't call your Martini a cross-eyed old bitch;
She's human as you are—you treat her as sich,
An' she'll fight for the young British
soldier.

Fight, fight, fight for the soldier—

When shakin' their bustles like ladies so fine
The guns o' the enemy wheel into line;
Shoot low at the limbers and don't mind the
shine,

For noise never startles the soldier.

Start-, start-, startles the soldier—

If your officer's dead and the sergeants look
white,

Remember it's ruin to run from a fight;

So take open order, lie down, and sit tight,

An' wait for supports like a soldier.

Wait, wait, wait like a soldier—

When you're wounded an' left on Afghani-
stan's plains,

An' the women come out to cut up your re-
mains,

Just roll to your rifle an' blow out your brains,

An' go to your Gawd like a soldier:

Go, go, go like a soldier,

Go, go, go like a soldier,

Go, go, go like a soldier,

So-oldier *hof* the Queen.

SCREW-GUNS.

SMOKIN' my pipe on the mountings, sniffin' the
mornin'-cool,
I walks in my old brown gaiters along o' my old
brown mule,
With seventy gunners be'ind me, an' never a
beggar forgets
It's only the pick o' the Army that handles the
dear little pets—Tss! Tss!

For you all love the screw-guns—the
screw-guns they all love you.
So when we call round with a few guns,
o' course you will know what to do—
hoo! hoo!
Just send in your chief an' surrender—
it's worse if you fights or you runs:
You can go where you please, you can
skid up the trees, but you don't get
away from the guns.

They send us along where the roads are, but
mostly we goes where they ain't;
We'd climb up the side of a sign-board an' trust
to the stick o' the paint;
We've chivied the Naga an' Lushai, we've give
the Afreedeeman fits,
For we fancies ourselves at two thousand, we
guns that are built in two bits—Tss!
Tss!

For you all love the screw-guns—

If a man doesn't work, why, we drills 'im 'an
teaches 'im 'ow to be'ave;
If a beggar can't march, why, we kills 'im 'an
rattles 'im into 'is grave.
You've got to stand up to our business an'
spring without snatchin' or fuss.
D' you say that you sweat with the field-guns?
By God, you must lather with us—Tss!
Tss!

For you all love the screw-guns—

The eagles is screamin' around us, the river's
amoanin' below,

We're clear o' the pine an' the oak-scrub, we're
out on the rocks an' the snow,

An' the wind is as thin as a whip-lash what
carries away to the plains

The rattle an' stamp o' the lead-mules—the
jinglety - jink o' the chains — Tss!
Tss!

For you all love the screw-guns—

There's a wheel on the Horns o' the Mornin'
an' a wheel on the edge o' the Pit,

An' a drop into nothin' beneath us as straight
as a beggar can spit;

With the sweat runnin' out o' your shirt-
sleeves an' the sun off the snow in your
face,

An' 'arf o' the men on the drag-ropes to hold
the old gun in 'er place—Tss! Tss!

For you all love the screw-guns—

Smokin' my pipe on the mountings, sniffin' the
mornin'-cool,

I climb in my old brown gaiters along o' my old
brown mule.

The monkey can say what our road was—the
wild-goat 'e knows where we passed.

Stand easy, you long-eared old darlin's! Out
drag-ropes! With shrapnel! Hold fast!—
Tss! Tss!

For you all love the screw-guns—the
screw-guns they all love you!

So when we take tea with a few guns, o'
course you will know what to do—
hoo! hoo!

Just send in your Chief and surrender—
it's worse if you fights or you runs:
You can hide in the caves, they'll be
only your graves, but you don't get
away from the guns!

BELTS.

THERE was a row in Silver Street that's near to
Dublin Quay,
Between an Irish regiment, an' English cav-
alree;
It started at Ravelly an' it lasted on till dark;
The first man dropped at Harrison's, the last
forninst the Park.

For it was "Belts, belts, belts, an' that's
one for you!"

An' it was "Belts, belts, belts, an' that's
done for you!"

O buckle an 'tongue

Was the song that we sung

From Harrison's on to the Park!

There was a row in Silver Street—the regi-
ments was out,
They called us "Delhi Rebels," an' we
answered "Threes about!"

That drew them like a hornet's nest—we met
them good an' large,
The English at the double an' the Irish at the
charge.

Then it was: Belts—

There was a row in Silver Street—an' I was
in it too;

We passed the time o' day, an' then the belts
went *whirraru*;

I misremember what occurred, but subsequent
the storm

A *Freeman's Journal Supplemint* was all my
uniform.

O it was: Belts—

There was a row in Silver Street—they sent
the Polis there,

The English were too drunk to know, the Irish
didn't care;

But when they grew impertinint we simulta-
neous rose,

Till half o' them was Lifley mud an' half was
tattered clo'es.

For it was: Belts—

There was a row in Silver Street—it might ha'
raged till now,

But some one drew his side-arm clear, an' no-
body knew how;

'Twas Hogan took the point an' dropped; we
saw the red blood run:

An' so we all was murderers that started out in
fun.

While it was: Belts—

There was a row in Silver Street—but that took
off the shine,

Wid each man whisperin' to his next: “ 'Twas
never work o' mine!”

We went away like beaten dogs, an' down the
street we bore him,

The poor dumb corpse that couldn't see the
bhoys were sorry for him.

When it was: Belts—

There was a row in Silver Street—it isn't over
yet,

For half of us are under guard wid punishmints
to get;

'Tis all a mericle to me as in the Clink I lie;

There was a row in Silver Street—begod, I wonder why!

But it was “Belts, belts, belts, an' that's
one for you!”

An' it was “Belts, belts, belts, an'
that's done for you!”

O buckle an' tongue

Was the song that we sung

From Harrison's down to the Park!

DEPARTMENTAL DITTIES.

GENERAL SUMMARY.

We are very slightly changed
From the semi-apes who ranged
India's prehistoric clay;
Whoso drew the longest bow,
Ran his brother down, you know,
As we run men down to-day.

"Dowb," the first of all his race,
Met the Mammoth face to face
On the lake or in the cave,
Stole the steadiest canoe,
Ate the quarry others slew,
Died—and took the finest grave.

When they scratched the reindeer-bone,
Some one made the sketch his own,
Filched it from the artist—then,

Even in those early days,
Won a simple Viceroy's praise
Through the toil of other men.

Ere they hewed the Sphinx's visage
Favoritism governed kissage,
Even as it does in this age.

Who shall doubt the secret hid
Under Cheops' pyramid
Was that the contractor did
Cheops out of several millions?
Or that Joseph's sudden rise
To Comptroller of Supplies
Was a fraud of monstrous size
On King Pharaoh's swart Civilians?

Thus, the artless songs I sing
Do not deal with anything
New or never said before.
As it was in the beginning,
Is to-day official sinning,
And shall be for evermore.

'ARMY HEADQUARTERS.

OLD is the song that I sing—
Old as my unpaid bills—
Old as the chicken that *kitmutgars* bring
Men at dâk-bungalows—old as the Hills.

AHASUERUS JENKINS of the "Operatic Own"
Was dowered with a tenor voice of *super-Sant-*
ley tone.

His views on equitation were, perhaps, a trifle
queer;

He had no seat worth mentioning, but oh! he
had an ear.

He clubbed his wretched company a dozen times
a day,

He used to quit his charger in a parabolic way,
His method of saluting was the joy of all be-
holders,

But Ahasuerus Jenkins had a head upon his
shoulders.

He took two months to Simla when the year
was at the spring,

And underneath the deodars eternally did sing.

He warbled like a *bulbul*, but particularly at
Cornelia Agrippina who was musical and fat.

She controlled a humble husband, who, in turn,
controlled a Dept.,

Where Cornelia Agrippina's human singing-
birds were kept

From April to October on a plump retaining
fee,

Supplied, of course, *per mensem*, by the Indian
Treasury.

Cornelia used to sing with him, and Jenkins
used to play;

He praised unblushingly her notes, for he was
false as they:

So when the winds of April turned the budding
roses brown,

Cornelia told her husband:—"Tom, you
mustn't send him down."

They haled him from his regiment which didn't
much regret him;

They found for him an office-stool, and on that
stool they set him,

To play with maps and catalogues three idle
hours a day,

And draw his plump retaining fee—which
means his double pay.

Now, ever after dinner, when the coffee-cups
are brought,

Ahasuerus waileth o'er the grand pianoforte;

And, thanks to fair Cornelia, his fame hath
waxen great,

And Ahasuerus Jenkins is a power in the State.

STUDY OF AN ELEVATION, IN INDIAN
INK.

This ditty is a string of lies.
But—how the deuce did Gubbins rise?

POTIPHAR GUBBINS, C. E.,
Stands at the top of the tree;
And I muse in my bed on the reasons that led
To the hoisting of Potiphar G.

Potiphar Gubbins, C. E.,
Is seven years junior to Me;
Each bridge that he makes he either buckles or
breaks,
And his work is as rough as he.

Potiphar Gubbins, C. E.,
Is coarse as a chimpanzee;
And I can't understand why you gave him your
hand,
Lovely Mehitabel Lee.

Potiphar Gubbins, C. E.,
 Is dear to the Powers that Be;
 For They bow and They smile in an affable
 style

Which is seldom accorded to Me.

Potiphar Gubbins, C. E.,
 Is certain as certain can be
 Of a highly-paid post which is claimed by a host
 Of seniors—including Me.

Careless and lazy is he,
 Greatly inferior to Me.
 What is the spell that you manage so well,
 Commonplace Potiphar G.?

Lovely Mehitabel Lee,
 Let me inquire of thee,
 Should I have riz to what Potiphar is,
 Hadst thou been mated to Me?

A LEGEND OF THE FOREIGN OFFICE.

This is the reason why Rustum Beg,
Rajah of Kolazai,
Drinketh the "simpkin" and brandy peg,
Maketh the money to fly,
Vexeth a Government, tender and kind,
Also—but this is a detail—blind.

RUSTUM BEG of Kolazai—slightly backward
native state—

Lusted for a C. S. I.,—so began to sanitize.
Built a Jail and Hospital—nearly built a City
drain—

Till his faithful subjects all thought their ruler
was insane.

Strange departures made he then—yea, Depart-
ments stranger still,

Half a dozen Englishmen helped the Rajah with
a will.

Talked of noble aims and high, hinted of a
future fine

For the state of Kolazai, on a strictly Western
line.

Rajah Rustum held his peace; lowered octroi
dues a half;

Organized a State Police; purified the Civil
Staff;

Settled cess and tax afresh in a very liberal
way;

Cut temptations of the flesh—also cut the
Bukhshi's pay;

Roused his Secretariat to a fine Mahratta fury,
By a Hookum hinting at supervision of *dasturi*;
Turned the State of Kolazai very nearly up-
side-down;

When the end of May was nigh, waited his
achievement crown.

Then the Birthday Honors came. Sad to state
and sad to see,

Stood against the Rajah's name nothing more
than *C. I. E.*!

.

Things were lively for a week in the State of
Kolazai.

Even now the people speak of that time regret-
fully.

How he disendowed the Jail—stopped at once
the City drain;

Turned to beauty fair and frail—got his senses
back again;

Double taxes, cesses, all; cleared away each
new-built *thana*;

Turned the two-lakh Hospital into a superb
Zenana;

Heaped upon the Bukhshi Sahib wealth and
honors manifold;

Clad himself in Eastern garb—squeezed his
people as of old.

Happy, happy Kolazai! Never more will Rus-
tum Beg

Play to catch the Viceroy's eye. He prefers
the "simpkin" peg.

THE STORY OF UURIAH.

“Now there were two men in one city; the one rich and the other poor.”

JACK BARRETT went to Quetta

Because they told him to.

He left his wife at Simla

On three-fourths his monthly screw:

Jack Barrett died at Quetta

Ere the next month's pay he drew.

Jack Barrett went to Quetta

He didn't understand

The reason of his transfer

From the pleasant mountain-land:

The season was September,

And it killed him out of hand.

Jack Barrett went to Quetta,

And there gave up the ghost.

Attempting two men's duty
In that very healthy post;
And Mrs. Barrett mourned for him
Five lively months at most.

Jack Barrett's bones at Quetta
Enjoy profound repose;
But I shouldn't be astonished
If *now* his spirit knows
The reason of his transfer
From the Himalayan snows.

And, when the Last Great Bugle Call
Adown the Hurnai throbs,
When the last grim joke is entered
In the big black Book of Jobs,
And Quetta graveyards give again
Their victims to the air,
I shouldn't like to be the man
Who sent Jack Barrett there.

THE POST THAT FITTED.

Through tangled and twisted the course of true love,
This ditty explains
No tangle's so tangled it cannot improve
If the Lover has brains.

ERE the steamer bore him Eastward, Sleary was
engaged to marry

An attractive girl at Tunbridge, whom he called
“my little Carrie.”

Sleary's pay was very modest; Sleary was the
other way.

Who can cook a two-plate dinner on eight paltry
dibs a day?

Long he pondered o'er the question in his
scantly furnished quarters—

Then proposed to Minnie Boffkin, eldest of
Judge Boffkin's daughters.

Certainly an impecunious Subaltern was not a
catch,

But the Boffkins knew that Minne mightn't
make another match.

So they recognized the business, and, to feed
and clothe the bride,

Got him made a Something Something some-
where on the Bombay side.

Anyhow, the billet carried pay enough for him
to marry—

As the artless Sleary put it:—"Just the thing
for me and Carrie."

Did he, therefore, jilt Miss Boffkin—impulse
of a baser mind?

No! He started epileptic fits of an appalling
kind.

(Of his *modus operandi* only this much I could
gather:—

"Pears' shaving sticks will give you little taste
and lots of lather.")

Frequently in public places his affliction used to
smite

Sleary with distressing vigor—always in the
Boffkins' sight.

Ere a week was over Minnie weepingly returned
his ring,

Told him his "unhappy weakness" stopped all
thought of marrying.

Sleary bore the information with a chastened
holy joy,—

Epileptic fits don't matter in Political employ,—

Wired three short words to Carrie—took his
ticket, packed his kit—

Bade farewell to Minnie Boffkin in one last,
long, lingering fit.

Four weeks later, Carrie Sleary read—and
laughed until she wept—

Mrs. Boffkin's warning letter on the "wretched
epilept."

Year by year, in pious patience, vengeful Mrs.

Boffkin sits

Waiting for the Sleary babies to develop

Sleary's fits.

PUBLIC WASTE.

Walpole talks of "a man and his price."

List to a ditty queer—

The sale of a Deputy-Acting-Vice-

Resident-Engineer,

Bought like a bullock, hoof and hide,

By the Little Tin Gods on the Mountain Side.

By the laws of the Family Circle 'tis written in
letters of brass

That only a Colonel from Chatham can manage
the Railways of State,

Because of the gold on his breeks, and the sub-
jects wherein he must pass;

Because in all matters that deal not with Rail-
ways his knowledge is great.

Now Exeter Battleby Tring had labored from
boyhood to eld

On the Lines of the East and the West, and eke
of the North and South;

Many Lines had he built and surveyed—important the posts which he held;
And the Lords of the Iron Horse were dumb
when he opened his mouth.

Black as the raven his garb, and his heresies
jettier still—

Hinting that Railways required lifetimes of
study and knowledge;

Never clanked sword by his side—Vauban he
knew not, nor drill—

Nor was his name on the list of the men who
had passed through the “College.”

Wherefore the Little Tin Gods harried their
little tin souls,

Seeing he came not from Chatham, jingled no
spurs at his heels,

Knowing that, nevertheless, was he first on the
Government rolls

For the billet of “Railway Instructor to Little
Tin Gods on Wheels.”

Letters not seldom they wrote him, "having
the honor to state,"

It would be better for all men if he were laid on
the shelf:

Much would accrue to his bank-book, and he
consented to wait

Until the Little Tin Gods built him a berth for
himself.

"Special, well paid, and exempt from the Law
of the Fifty and Five,

Even to Ninety and Nine"—these were the
terms of the pact:

Thus did the Little Tin Gods (long may Their
Highnesses thrive!)

Silence his mouth with rupees, keeping their
Circle intact;

Appointing a Colonel from Chatham who man-
aged the Bhamo State Line,

(The which was one mile and one furlong—a
guaranteed twenty-inch gauge).

So Exeter Battleby Tring consented his claims
to resign,
And died, on four thousand a month, in the
ninetieth year of his age.

DELILAH.

We have another Viceroy now, those days are dead and done,
Of Delilah Aberyswith and depraved Ulysses Gunne.

DELILAH ABERYSWITH was a lady—not too
young—

With a perfect taste in dresses, and a badly-
bitted tongue,

With a thirst for information, and a greater
thirst for praise,

And a little house in Simla, in the Prehistoric
Days.

By reason of her marriage to a gentleman in
power,

Delilah was acquainted with the gossip of the
hour;

And many little secrets, of a half-official kind,
Were whispered to Delilah, and she bore them
all in mind.

She patronized extensively a man, Ulysses
Gunn,

Whose mode of earning money was a low and
shameful one.

He wrote for divers papers, which, as every-
body knows,

Is worse than serving in a shop or scaring off
the crows.

He praised her "queenly beauty" first; and,
later on, he hinted

At the "vastness of her intellect" with compli-
ment unstinted.

He went with her a-riding, and his love for her
was such

Then he lent her all his horses, and—she galled
them very much.

One day, THEY brewed a secret of a fine finan-
cial sort;

It related to Appointments, to a Man and a
Report.

'Twas almost worth the keeping (only seven
people knew it),
And Gunne rose up to seek the truth and
patiently ensue it.

It was a Viceroy's Secret, but—perhaps the
wine was red—
Perhaps an Aged Councilor had lost his aged
head—
Perhaps Delilah's eyes were bright—Delilah's
whispers sweet—
The Aged Member told her what 'twere treason
to repeat.

Ulysses went a-riding, and they talked of love
and flowers;
Ulysses went a-calling, and he called for several
hours;
Ulysses went a-waltzing, and Delilah helped
him dance—
Ulysses let the waltzers go, and waited for his
chance.

The summer sun was setting, and the summer
air was still,
The couple went a-walking in the shade of Summer Hill,
The wasteful sunset faded out in turkis-green
and gold,
Ulysses pleaded softly, and . . . that bad
Delilah told!

Next morn, a startled Empire learnt the all-
important news;
Next week, the Aged Councilor was shaking in
his shoes;
Next month, I met Delilah, and she did not show
the least
Hesitation in affirming that Ulysses was a
“beast.”

.
We have another Viceroy now, those days are
dead and done,
Of Delilah Aberyswith and most mean Ulysses
Gunné!

WHAT HAPPENED.

HURREE CHUNDER MOOKERJEE, pride of Bow
Bazar,

Owner of a native press, "Barrishter-at-Lar,"
Waited on the Government with a claim to wear
Sabers by the bucketful, rifles by the pair.

Then the Indian Government winked a wicked
wink,

Said to Chunder Mookerjee: "Stick to pen
and ink,

They are safer implements; but, if you insist,
We will let you carry arms whereso'er you
list."

Hurree Chunder Mookerjee sought the gun-
smith and

Bought the tuber of Lancaster, Ballard, Dean,
and Bland,

Bought a shiny bowie-knife, bought a town-
made sword,
Jingled like a carriage-horse when he went
abroad.

But the Indian Government, always keen to
please,

Also gave permission to horrid men like these—
Yar Mahommed Yusufzai, down to kill or
steal,

Chimbu Singh from Bikaneer, Tantia the Bhil.

Killar Khan the Marri chief, Jowar Singh the
Sikh,

Nubbee Baksh Punjabi Jat, Abdul Huq Rafiq—
He was a Wahabi; last, little Boh Hla-oo
Took advantage of the act—took a Snider too.

They were unenlightened men, Ballard knew
them not,

They procured their swords and guns chiefly on
the spot,

And the lore of centuries, plus a hundred fights,
Made them slow to disregard one another's
rights.

With a unanimity dear to patriot hearts
All those hairy gentlemen out of foreign parts
Said: "The good old days are back—let us go
to war!"

Swaggered down the Grand Trunk Road, into
Bow Bazar.

Nubbee Baksh Punjabi Jat found a hide-bound
flail,

Chimbu Singh from Bikaner oiled his Tonk
jezail,

Yar Mahommed Yusufzai spat and grinned
with glee

As he ground the butcher-knife of the Khyberree.

Jowar Singh the Sikh procured saber, quoit,
and mace,

Abdul Huq, Wahabi, took the dagger from its
place,

While amid the jungle-grass danced and
grinned and jabbered

Little Boh Hla-oo and cleared the dah-blade
from the scabbard.

What became of Mookerjee? Soothly, who can
say?

Yar Mahommed only grins in a nasty way,
Jowar Singh is reticent, Chimbu Singh is mute,
But the belts of them all simply bulge with loot.

What became of Ballard's guns? Afghans black
and grubby

Sell them for their silver weight to the men of
Pubbi;

And the shiny bowie-knife and the town-made
sword are

Hanging in a Marri camp just across the Bor-
der.

What became of Mookerjee? Ask Mahommed
Yar

Prodding Siva's sacred bull down the Bow
Bazar.

Speak to placid Nubbee Baksh—question land
and sea—

Ask the Indian Congress men—only don't ask
me!

PINK DOMINOES.

“They are fools who kiss and tell”
Wisely has the poet sung.
Man may hold all sorts of posts
If he'll only hold his tongue.

JENNY and Me were engaged, you see,
On the eve of the Fancy Ball;
So a kiss or two was nothing to you
Or any one else at all.

Jenny would go in a domino—
Pretty and pink but warm;
While I attended, clad in a splendid
Austrian uniform.

Now we had arranged, through notes exchanged
Early that afternoon,
At Number Four to waltz no more,
But to sit in the dusk and spoon.

(I wish you to see that Jenny and Me
Had barely exchanged our troth;
So a kiss or two was strictly due
By, from, and between us both.)

When Three was over, an eager lover,
I fled to the gloom outside;
And a Domino came out also
Whom I took for my future bride.

That is to say, in a casual way,
I slipped my arm around her;
With a kiss or two (which is nothing to you),
And ready to kiss I found her.

She turned her head, and the name she said
Was certainly not my own;
But ere I could speak, with a smothered shriek
She fled and left me alone.

Then Jenny came, and I saw with shame
She'd doffed her domino;

And I had embraced an alien waist—
But I did not tell her so.

Next morn I knew that there were two
Dominoes pink, and one
Had cloaked the spouse of Sir Julian Vouse,
Our big political gun.

Sir J. was old, and her hair was gold,
And her eye was a blue cerulean;
And the name she said when she turned her
head
Was not in the least like “Julian.”

Now wasn't it nice, when want of *pice*
Forbade us twain to marry,
That old Sir J., in the kindest way,
Made me his *Secretarry?*

THE MAN WHO COULD WRITE.

Shun—shun the Bowl! That fatal, facile drink
 Has ruined many geese who dipped their quills in't,
 Bribe, murder, marry, but steer clear of Ink
 Save when you write receipts for paid-up bills in't.
 There may be silver in the "blue-black"—all
 I know of is the iron and the gall.

BOANERGES BLITZEN, servant of the Queen,
 Is a dismal failure—is a Might-have-been.
 In a luckless moment he discovered men
 Rise to high position through a ready pen.

Boanerges Blitzen argued, therefore: "I
 With the selfsame weapon can attain as high."
 Only he did not possess, when he made the trial,
 Wicked wit of C—lv-n, irony of L——l.

(Men who spar with Government need, to back
 their blows,
 Something more than ordinary journalistic
 prose.)

Never young Civilian's prospects were so
bright,
Till an Indian paper found that he could write:
Never young Civilian's prospects were so dark,
When the wretched Blitzen wrote to make his
mark.

Certainly he scored it, bold and black and firm,
In that Indian paper—made his seniors squirm,
Quoted office scandals, wrote the tactless truth—
Was there ever known a more misguided youth?

When the Rag he wrote for praised his plucky
game,
Boanerges Blitzen felt that this was Fame:
When the men he wrote of shook their heads
and swore,
Boanerges Blitzen only wrote the more.

Posed as Young Ithuriel, resolute and grim,
Till he found promotion didn't come to him;

Till he found that reprimands weekly were his
lot,

And his many Districts curiously hot.

Till he found his furlough strangely hard to
win,

Boanerges Blitzen didn't care a pin:

Then it seemed to dawn on him something
wasn't right—

Boanerges Blitzen put it down to "spite."

Languished in a District desolate and dry;

Watched the Local Government yearly pass him
by;

Wondered where the hitch was; called it most
unfair.

.

That was seven years ago—and he still is there.

MUNICIPAL.

“Why is my District death-rate low?”

Said Binks of Hezabad.

“Wells, drains, and sewage-outfalls are

My own peculiar fad.

I learnt a lesson once. It ran

“Thus,” quoth that most veracious man:—

It was an August evening, and, in snowy garments clad,

I paid a round of visits in the lines of Hezabad;

When, presently, my Waler saw, and did not like at all,

A Commissariat elephant careering down the Mall.

I couldn't see the driver, and across my mind it rushed

That that Commissariat elephant had suddenly gone *musth*.

I didn't care to meet him, and I couldn't well
get down,
So I let the Waler have it, and we headed for
the town.

The buggy was a new one, and, praise Dykes,
it stood the strain,
Till the Waler jumped a bullock just above the
City Drain;
And the next that I remember was a hurricane
of squeals,
And the creature making toothpicks of my five-
foot patent wheels.

He seemed to want the owner, so I fled, dis-
traught with fear,
To the Main Drain sewage-outfall while he
snorted in my ear—
Reached the four-foot drain-head safely, and,
in darkness and despair,
Felt the brute's proboscis fingering my terror-
stiffened hair.

Heard it trumpet on my shoulder—tried to
crawl a little higher—

Found the Main Drain sewage-outfall blocked,
some eight feet up, with mire;

And, for twenty reeking minutes, Sir, my very
marrow froze,

While the trunk was feeling blindly for a pur-
chase on my toes!

It missed me by a fraction, but my hair was
turning gray

Before they called the drivers up and dragged
the brute away.

Then I sought the City Elders, and my words
were very plain.

They flushed that four-foot drain-head, and—
it never choked again.

You may hold with surface-drainage, and the
sun-for-garbage cure,

Till you've been a periwinkle shrinking coyly
up a sewer.

I believe in well-flushed culverts

This is why the death-rate's small;

And, if you don't believe me, get *shikarred*
yourself. That's all.

A CODE OF MORALS.

Lest you should think this story true,
I merely mention I
Evolved it lately. 'Tis a most
Unmitigated misstatement.

Now Jones had left his new-wed bride to keep
his house in order,
And hied away to the Hurrum Hills above the
Afghan border,
To sit on a rock with a heliograph; but ere he
left he taught
His wife the working of the Code that sets the
miles at naught.

And Love had made him very sage, as Nature
made her fair;
So Cupid and Apollo linked, *per* heliograph,
the pair.

At dawn, across the Hurrum Hills, he flashed
her counsel wise—

At e'en the dying sunset bore her husband's
homilies.

He warned her 'gainst seductive youths in scar-
let clad and gold,

As much as 'gainst the blandishments paternal
of the old;

But kept his gravest warning for (hereby the
ditty hangs)

That snowy-haired Lothario, Lieutenant-Gen-
eral Bangs.

'Twas General Bangs, with Aide and Staff, that
tittupped on the way,

When they beheld a heliograph tempestuously
at play;

They thought of Border risings, and of stations
sacked and burnt—

So stopped to take the message down—and this
is what they learnt:—

“Dash dot dot, dot, dot dash, dot dash dot”
twice. The General swore.

“Was ever General Officer addressed as ‘dear’
before?

“‘My Love,’ i’ faith! ‘My Duck,’ Gadzooks!
‘My darling popsy-wop!’

Spirit of great Lord Wolseley, *who* is on that
mountain top?”

The artless Aide-de-camp was mute; the gilded
Staff were still,

As, dumb with pent-up mirth, they booked that
message from the hill;

For, clear as summer’s lightning flare, the hus-
band’s warning ran: —

“Don’t dance or ride with General Bangs—a
most immoral man.”

(At dawn, across the Hurrum Hills, he flashed
her counsel wise—

But, howsoever Love be blind, the world at
large hath eyes.)

With damnatory dot and dash he heliographed
his wife

Some interesting details of the General's private life.

The artless Aide-de-camp was mute; the shining Staff were still,

And red and ever redder grew the General's shaven gill.

And this is what he said at last (his feelings matter not):—

“I think we've tapped a private line. Hi!
Threes about there! Trot!”

All honor unto Bangs, for ne'er did Jones thereafter know

By word or act official who read off that helio.;
But the tale is on the Frontier, and from Michni
to Mooltan

They know the worthy General as “that most immoral man.”

THE LAST DEPARTMENT.

Twelve hundred million men are spread
About this Earth, and I and You
Wonder, when You and I are dead,
What will those luckless millions do?

“NONE whole or clean,” we cry, “or free from
stain

Of favor.” Wait awhile, till we attain

The Last Department, where nor fraud nor
fools,

Nor grade nor greed, shall trouble us again.

Fear, Favor, or Affection—what are these
To the grim Head who claims our services?

I never knew a wife or interest yet
Delay that *pukka* step, miscalled “decease;”

When leave, long over-due, none can deny;
When idleness of all Eternity

Becomes our furlough, and the marigold
Our thriftless, bullion-minting Treasury

Transferred to the Eternal Settlement,
Each in his strait, wood-scantled office pent,
 No longer Brown reverses Smith's appeals,
Or Jones records his Minute of Dissent.

And One, long since a pillar of the Court,
As mud between the beams thereof is wrought;
 And One who wrote on phosphates for the
 crops.
Is subject-matter of his own Report.

(These be the glorious ends whereto we pass—
Let Him who Is, go call on Him who Was;
 And he shall see the *mallie* steals the
 slab
For currie-grinder, and for goats the grass.)

A breath of wind, a Border bullet's flight,
A draught of water, or a horse's fright—
 The droning of the fat *Sheristadar*
Ceases, the punkah stops, and falls the night

For you or Me. Do those who live decline
The step that offers, or their work resign?

Trust me, Today's Most Indispensables,
Five hundred men can take your place or mine.

OTHER VERSES.

TO THE UNKNOWN GODDESS

WILL you conquer my heart with your beauty;
my soul going out from afar?

Shall I fall to your hand as a victim of crafty
and cautious *shikar*?

Have I met you and passed you already, un-
knowing, unthinking and blind?

Shall I meet you next season at Simla, O sweet-
est and best of your kind?

Does the P. and O. bear you to me-ward, or,
clad in short frocks in the West,

Are you growing the charms that shall capture
and torture the heart in my breast?

Will you stay in the Plains till September—my
passion as warm as the day?

Will you bring me to book on the Mountains, or
where the thermantidotes play?

When the light of your eyes shall make pallid
the mean lesser lights I pursue,
And the charm of your presence shall lure me
from love of the gay "thirteen-two;"

When the peg and the pig-skin shall please not;
when I buy me Culcutta-built clothes;
When I quit the Delight of Wild Asses; for-
swearing the swearing of oaths;

As a deer to the hand of the hunter when I turn
'mid the gibes of my friends;
When the days of my freedom are numbered,
and the life of the bachelor ends.

Ah Goddess! child, spinister, or widow—as of
old on Mars Hill when they raised
To the God that they knew not an altar—so I, a
young Pagan, have praised

The Goddess I know not nor worship; yet, if
half that men tell me be true,
You will come in the future, and therefore these
verses are written to you.

THE RUPAIYAT OF OMAR KAL'VIN.

[Allowing for the difference 'twixt prose and rhymed exaggeration, this ought to reproduce the sense of what Sir A—— told the nation some time ago, when the Government struck from our incomes two per cent.]

Now the New Year, reviving last Year's Debt,
The Thoughtful Fisher casteth wide his Net;
 So I with begging Dish and ready Tongue
Assail all Men for all that I can get.

Imports indeed are gone with all their Dues—
Lo! Salt a Lever that I dare not use,
 Nor may I ask the Tillers in Bengal—
Surely my Kith and Kin will not refuse!

Pay—and I promise by the Dust of Spring,
Retrenchment. If my promises can bring
 Comfort, Ye have Them now a thousand-
 fold
By Allah! I will promise *Anything!*

Indeed, indeed, Retrenchment oft before
I swore—but did I mean it when I swore?
And then, and then, We wandered to the
Hills,
And so the Little Less became Much More.

Whether at Boileaugunge of Babylon,
I know not how the wretched Thing is done,
The items of Receipt grow surely small;
The Items of Expense mount one by one.

I cannot help it. What have I to do
With One and Five, or Four, or Three, or Two?
Let Scribes spit Blood and Sulphur as they
please,
Or Statesmen call me foolish—Heed not you.

Behold, I promise—Anything You will.
Behold, I greet you with an empty Till—
Ah! Fellow-Sinners, of your Charity
Seek not the Reason of the Dearth, but fill.

For if I sinned and fell, where lies the Gain
Of Knowledge? Would it ease you of your
Pain

To know the tangled Threads of Revenue,
I ravel deeper in a hopeless Skein?

“Who hath not Prudence”—what was it I said,
Of Her who paints Her Eyes and tires Her
Head,

And gibes and mocks the People in the Street,
And fawns upon them for Her thriftless Bread?

Accursed is She of Eve’s daughters—She
Hath cast off Prudence, and Her End shall be
Destruction . . . Brethren, of your Bounty
grant

Some portion of your daily Bread to *Me*.

LA NUIT BLANCHE

A Much-Discerning Public hold
The Singer generally sings
Of personal and private things,
And prints and sells his past for gold.
Whatever I may here disclaim,
The very clever folk I sing to
Will most indubitably cling to
Their pet delusion, just the same.

I HAD seen, as dawn was breaking
And I staggered to my rest,
Tari Devi softly shaking
From the Cart Road to the crest.
I had seen the spurs of Jakko
Heave and quiver, swell and sink.
Was it Earthquake or tobacco,
Day of Doom or Night of Drink?

In the full, fresh, fragrant morning
I observed a camel crawl,
Laws of gravitation scorning,
On the ceiling and the wall;

Then I watched a fender walking,
And I heard gray leeches sing,
And a red-hot monkey talking
Did not seem the proper thing.

Then a creature, skinned and crimson
Ran about the floor and cried,
And they said I had the "jims" on,
And they dosed me with bromide,
And they locked me in my bedroom—
Me and one wee Blood Red Mouse—
Though I said: "To give my head room
You had best unroof the house."

But my words were all unheeded,
Though I told the grave M.D.
That the treatment really needed
Was a dip in open sea
That was lapping just below me,
Smooth as silver, white as snow,
And it took three men to throw me
When I found I could not go.

Half the night I watch the Heavens

Fizz like '81 champagne—

Fly to sixes and to sevens,

Wheel and thunder back again;

And when all was peace and order

Save one planet nailed askew,

Much I wept because my warder

Would not let me set it true.

After frenzied hours of waiting,

When the Earth and Skies were dumb,

Pealed an awful voice dictating

An interminable sum,

Changing to a tangled story—

“What she said you said I said—”

Till the Moon arose in glory,

And I found her . . . in my head;

Then a Face came, blind and weeping,

And It couldn't wipe Its eyes,

And It muttered I was keeping

Back the moonlight from the skies;

So I patted It for pity,
But It whistled shrill with wrath,
And a huge black Devil City
Poured its peoples on my path.

So I fled with steps uncertain
On a thousand-year long race,
But the bellying of the curtain
Kept me always in one place;
While the tumult rose and maddened
To the roar of Earth on fire,
Ere it ebbed and sank and saddened
To a whisper tense as wire.

In intolerable stillness
Rose one little, little star,
And it chuckled at my illness,
And it mocked me from afar;
And its brethren came and eyed me,
Called the Universe to aid,
Till I lay, with naught to hide me,
'Neath the Scorn of All Things Made.

Dun and saffron, robed and splendid,
 Broke the solemn, pitying Day,
And I knew my pains were ended,
 And I turned and tried to pray;
But my speech was shattered wholly,
 And I wept as children weep,
Till the dawn-wind, softly, slowly,
 Brought to burning eyelids sleep.

MY RIVAL.

I go to concert, party, ball—

What profit is in these?

I sit alone against the wall

And strive to look at ease.

The incense that is mine by right

They burn before Her shrine;

And that's because I'm seventeen

And She is forty-nine.

I cannot check my girlish blush,

My color comes and goes;

I redden to my finger-tips,

And sometimes to my nose.

But She is white where white should be,

And red where red should shine.

The blush that flies at seventeen

Is fixed at forty-nine.

I wish I had Her constant cheek;

I wish that I could sing

All sorts of funny little songs,

Not quite the proper thing.

I'm very *gauche* and very shy,

Her jokes aren't in my line;

And, worst of all, I'm seventeen

While She is forty-nine.

The young men come, the young men go,

Each pink and white and neat,

She's older than their mothers, but

They grovel at Her feet.

They walk beside Her '*rickshaw* wheels—

None ever walk by mine;

And that's because I'm seventeen

And She is forty-nine.

She rides with half a dozen men,

(She calls them "boys" and "mashers")

I trot along the Mall alone;

My prettiest frocks and sashes

Don't help to fill my program-card,
And vainly I repine
From ten to two A. M. Ah me!
Would I were forty-nine!

She calls me "darling," "pet," and "dear,"
And "sweet retiring maid."
I'm always at the back, I know,
She puts me in the shade.
She introduces me to men,
"Cast" lovers, I opine,
For sixty takes to seventeen,
Nineteen to forty-nine.

But even She must older grow
And end Her dancing days,
She can't go on forever so
At concerts, balls, and plays.
One ray of priceless hope I see
Before my footsteps shine;
Just think, that She'll be eighty-one
When I am forty-nine.

THE LOVERS' LITANY.

EYES of gray—a sodden quay,
Driving rain and falling tears,
As the steamer wears to sea
In a parting storm of cheers.

Sing, for Faith and Hope are high—
None so true as you and I—
Sing the Lovers' Litany:—
“Love like ours can never die!”

Eyes of black—a throbbing keel,
Milky foam to left and right;
Whispered converse near the wheel
In the brilliant tropic night.

Cross that rules the Southern Sky!
Stars that sweep and wheel and fly,
Hear the Lovers' Litany:—
“Love like ours can never die!”

Eyes of brown—a dusty plain
Split and parched with heat of June,
Flying hoof and tightened rein,
Hearts that beat the old, old tune.

Side by side the horses fly,
Frame we now the old reply
Of the Lovers' Litany:—
“Love like ours can never die!”

Eyes of blue—the Simla Hills
Silvered with the moonlight hoar;
Pleading of the waltz that thrills,
Dies and echoes round Benmore.
“Mabel,” “Officers,” “Good-by,”
Glamour, wine, and witchery—
Oh my soul's sincerity,
“Love like ours can never die!”

Maidens, of your charity,
Pity my most luckless state.
Four times Cupid's debtor I—
Bankrupt in quadruplicate.

Yet, despite this evil case,
An a maiden showed me grace,
Four-and-forty times would I
Sing the Lovers' Litany:—
“Love like ours can never die!”

A BALLAD OF BURIAL.

(*“Saint Praxed’s ever was the Church for peace.”*)

If down here I chance to die,

Solemnly I beg you take

All that is left of “I”

To the Hills for old sake’s sake.

Pack me very thoroughly

In the ice that used to slake

Pegs I drank when I was dry—

This observe for old sake’s sake.

To the railway station hie,

There a single ticket take

For Umballa—goods-train—I

Shall not mind delay or shake.

I shall rest contentedly

Spite of clamor coolies make;

Thus in state and dignity

Send me up for old sake’s sake.

Next the sleepy Babu wake,
Book a Kalka van "for four,"
Few, I think, will care to make
Journeys with me any more
As they used to do of yore.
I shall need a "special" break—
Thing I never took before—
Get me one for old sake's sake.

After that—arrangements make.
No hotel will take me in,
And a bullock's back would break
'Neath the teak and leaden skin.
Tonga ropes are frail and thin,
Or, did I a back-seat take,
In a tonga I might spin,—
Do your best for old sake's sake.

After that—your work is done.
Recollect a Padre must
Mourn the dear departed one—
Throw the ashes and the dust.

Don't go down at once. I trust
You will find excuse to "snake
Three days' casual on the bust,"
Get your fun for old sake's sake.

I could never stand the Plains.
Think of blazing June and May,
Think of those September rains
Yearly till the Judgment Day!
I should never rest in peace,
I should sweat and lie awake.
Rail me then, on my decease,
To the Hills for old sake's sake

DIVIDED DESTINIES.

It was an artless *Bandar*, and he danced upon
a pine,
And much I wondered how he lived, and where
the beast might dine,
And many, many other things, till, o'er my
morning smoke,
I slept the sleep of idleness and dreamt that
Bandar spoke.

He said: "O man of many clothes! Sad
crawler on the Hills!
Observe, I know not Ranken's shop, nor Ranken's
monthly bills;
I take no heed to trousers or the coats that you
call dress;
Nor am I plagued with little cards for little
drinks at Mess.

“I steal the bunnia’s grain at morn, at noon
and eventide,
(For he is fat and I am spare), I roam the
mountain side,
I follow no man’s carriage, and no, never in
my life
Have I flirted at Peliti’s with another *Bandar’s*
wife.

“O man of futile fopperies — unnecessary
wraps;
I own no ponies in the hills, I drivē no tall-
wheeled traps;
I buy me not twelve-button gloves, ‘short sixes’
eke, or rings,
Nor do I waste at Hamilton’s my wealth on
‘pretty things.’

“I quarrel with my wife at home, we never fight
abroad;
But Mrs. B. has grasped the fact I am her only
lord.

I never heard of fever—dumps nor debts
depress my soul;

And I pity and despise you!” Here he
pouched my breakfast-roll.

His hide was very mangy, and his face was
very red

And ever and anon he scratched with energy
his head.

His manners were not always nice, but how my
spirit cried

To be an artless *Bandar* loose upon the
mountain side!

So I answered: “Gentle *Bandar*, an inscrutable
Decree

Makes thee a gleesome fleasome Thou, and me
a wretched Me.

Go! Depart in peace, my brother, to thy home
amid the pine;

Yet forget not once a mortal wished to change
his lot with thine.”

THE MASQUE OF PLENTY.

ARGUMENT.—The Indian Government, being minded to discover the economic condition of their lands, sent a Committee to inquire into it; and saw that it was good.

SCENE.—*The wooded heights of Simla. The Incarnation of the Government of India in the raiment of the Angel of Plenty sings, to pianoforte accompaniment:—*

“How sweet is the shepherd’s sweet life!

From the dawn to the even he strays—

He shall follow his sheep all the day,

And his tongue shall be fillèd with praise.

(Adagio dim.) Fillèd with praise!”

(Largendo con sp.) Now this is the position,

Go make an inquisition

Into their real condition

As swiftly as ye may.

(p.) Ay, paint our swarthy billions
The richest of vermilions
Ere two well-led cotillions
Have danced themselves away.

TURKISH PATROL, *as able and intelligent Investigators wind down the Himalayas:—*

What is the state of the Nation? What is its
occupation?

Hi! get along, get along, get along—lend us
the information!

(Dim.) Census the *byle* and the *yabu*—capture
a first-class Babu,

Set him to cut Gazetteers—Gazetteers . . .

(ff.) What is the state of the Nation, etc.,
etc.

INTERLUDE, *from Nowhere in Particular, to
stringed and Oriental instruments.*

Our cattle reel beneath the yoke they bear—

The earth is iron, and the skies are brass—

And faint with fervor of the flaming air
The languid hours pass

The well is dry beneath the village tree—
The young wheat withers ere it reach a
span
And belts of blindings and show cruelly
Where once the river ran.

Pray, brothers, pray, but to no earthly King—
Lift up your hands above the blighted grain,
Look westward—if you please, the Gods shall
bring
Their mercy with the rain.

Look westward—bears the blue no brown cloud-
bank?
Nay, it is written—wherefore should we
fly?
On our own field and by our cattle's flank
Lie down, lie down to die!

SEMI-CHORUS.

By the plumed heads of Kings
 Waving high,
Where the tall corn springs
 O'er the dead.

If they rust or rot we die,
If they ripen we are fed.
Very mighty is the power of our Kings!

*Triumphal return to Simla of the Investigators,
attired after the manner of Dionysus, lead-
ing a pet-tiger in wreaths of rhubarb leaves,
symbolical of India under medical treatment.
They sing:*

We have seen, we have written—behold it, the
 proof of our manifold toil!
In their hosts they assembled and told it—the
 tale of the sons of the soil.

We have said of the Sickness, "Where is it?"—
and of Death, "It is far from our ken;"

We have paid a particular visit to the affluent
children of men.

We have trodden the mart and the well-curb—
we have stooped to the bield and the byre;
And the King may the forces of Hell curb, for
the People have all they desire!

Castanets and step-dance:

Oh, the *dom* and the *mag* and the *thakur* and
the *thag*,

And the *not* and the *brinjaree*,

And the *bunnia* and the *hyot* are as happy and
as quiet

And as plump as they can be!

Yes, the *jain* and the *jat* in his stucco-fronted
hut,

And the bounding *bazugar*,

By the favor of the king, are as fat as anything,

They are—they are—they are!

RECITATIVE, *Government of India, with white satin wings and electroplated harp:—*

How beautiful upon the mountains—in peace
reclining,

Thus to be assured that our people are unani-
mously dining.

And though there are places not so blessed as
others in natural advantages, which, after
all, was only to be expected,

Proud and glad are we to congratulate you upon
the work you have thus ably effected.

(*Cres.*) How be-ewitful upon the mountains!

HIRED BAND, *brasses only, full chorus:*

God bless the Squire
And all his rich relations
Who teach us poor people
We eat our proper rations—
We eat our proper rations,
In spite of inundations,

Malarial exhalations,
And casual starvations,
We have, we have, they say we have—
We *have* our proper rations!

(*Cornet.*)

Which nobody can deny!

If he does he tells a lie—

We are all as willing as Barkis—

We all of us loves the Markiss—

We all of us stuffs our ca-ar-kis—

With food until we die! (*Da capo.*)

CHORUS OF THE CRYSTALIZED FACTS.

Before the beginning of years
There came to the rule of the State
Men with a pair of shears,
Men with an Estimate—
Strachey with Muir for leaven,
Lytton with locks that fell,
Ripon fooling with Heaven,
And Temple riding like H-ll!

And the bigots took in hand
Cess and the falling of rain,
And the measure of sifted sand
The dealer puts in the grain—
Imports by land and sea,
To uttermost decimal worth,
And registration—free—
In the houses of death and of birth:
And fashioned with pens and paper,
And fashioned in black and white,
With Life for a flickering taper
And Death for a blazing light—
With the Armed and the Civil Power,
That his strength might endure for a span,
From 'Adam's Bridge to Peshawur,
The Much Administered man.

In the towns of the North and the East,
They gathered as unto rule,
They bade him starve the priest
And send his children to school.
Railways and roads they wrought,

For the needs of the soil within;
A time to squabble in court,
A time to bear and to grin.
And gave him peace in his ways,
Jails—and Police to fight,
Justice at length of days,
And Right—and Might in the Right.
His speech is of mortgaged bedding,
On his kine he borrows yet,
At his heart is his daughter's wedding,
In his eye foreknowledge of debt.
He eats and hath indigestion,
He toils and he may not stop;
His life is a long-drawn question
Between a crop and a crop.

THE MARE'S NEST.

JANE Austen Beecher Stowe de Rouse

Was good beyond all earthly need;

But, on the other hand, her spouse

Was very, very bad indeed.

He smoked cigars, called churches slow,

And raced—but this she did not know.

For Belial Machiavelli kept

The little fact a secret, and,

Though o'er his minor sins she wept,

Jane Austen did not understand

That Lilly—thirteen two and bay—

Absorbed one half her husband's pay.

She was so good, she made him worse;

(Some women are like this, I think;)

He taught her parrot how to curse,

Her Assam monkey how to drink.

He vexed her righteous soul until
She went up, and he went down hill.

Then came the crisis, strange to say,
Which turned a good wife to a better.
A telegraphic peon, one day,
Brought her—now, had it been a letter
For Belial Machiavelli, I
Know Jane would just have let it lie.

But 'twas a telegram instead,
Marked “urgent,” and her duty plain
To open it. Jane Austen read:—
“Your Lilly’s got a cough again.
Can’t understand why she is kept
At your expense.” Jane Austen wept.

It was a misdirected wire.
Her husband was at Shaitanpore.
She spread her anger, hot as fire,
Through six thin foreign sheets or more,

Sent off that letter, wrote another
To her solicitor—and mother.

Then Belial Machiavelli saw
Her error and, I trust, his own,
Wired to the minion of the Law,
And traveled wifeward—not alone.
For Lilly—thirteen-two and bay—
Came in a horse-box all the way.

There was a scene—a weep or two—
With many kisses. Austen Jane
Rode Lilly all the season through,
And never opened wires again.
She races now with Belial. This
Is very sad, but so it is.

POSSIBILITIES.

AY, lay him 'neath the Simla pine—

A fortnight fully to be missed,

Behold, we lose our fourth at whist,

A chair is vacant where we dine.

His place forgets him; other men

Have bought his ponies, guns, and traps.

His fortune is the Great Perhaps

And that cool rest-house down the glen,

Whence he shall hear, as spirits may,

Our mundane revel on the height,

Shall watch each flashing '*rickshaw*-light

Sweep on to dinner, dance, and play.

Benmore shall woo him to the ball

With lighted rooms and braying band,

And he shall hear and understand

"*Dream Faces*" better than us all.

For, think you, as the vapors flee
Across Sanjaolie after rain,
His soul may climb the hill again
To each old field of victory.

Unseen, who women held so dear,
The strong man's yearning to his kind
Shall shake at most the window-blind,
Or dull awhile the card-room's cheer.

In his own place of power unknown,
His Light o' Love another's flame,
His dearest pony galloped lame,
And he an alien and alone.

Yet may he meet with many a friend—
Shrewd shadows, lingering long unseen
Among us when "*God save the Queen*"
Shows even "extras" have an end.

And, when we leave the heated room,
And, when at four the lights expire,
The crew shall gather round the fire
And mock our laughter in the gloom.

Talk as we talked, and they ere death—
First wanly, dance in ghostly wise,
With ghosts of tunes for melodies,
And vanish at the morning's breath.

CHRISTMAS IN INDIA.

DIM dawn behind the tamarisks—the sky is
saffron-yellow—

As the women in the village grind the corn,
And the parrots seek the river-side, each calling
to his fellow

That the Day, the staring Eastern Day is
born.

Oh the white dust on the highway! Oh the
stenches in the byway!

Oh the clammy fog that hovers over
earth!

And at Home they're making merry 'neath
the white and scarlet berry—

What part have India's exiles in their
mirth?

Full day behind the tamarisks—the sky is blue
and staring—

As the cattle crawl afield beneath the yoke,
And they bear One o'er the field-path, who is
past all hope or caring,

To the ghât below the curling wreaths of
smoke

Call on Rama, going slowly, as ye bear a
brother lowly—

Call on Rama—he may hēar, perhaps,
your voice!

With our hymn-books and our psalters we
appear to other altars,

And to-day we bid “good Christian men
rejoice!”

High noon behind the tamarisks—the sun is
hot above us—

As at Home the Christmas Day is breaking
wan.

They will drink our healths at dinner—those
who tell us how they love us,

And forget us till another year be gone!

Oh the toil that knows no breaking! Oh!
the *Heimweh*, ceaseless, aching!
Oh the black dividing Sea and alien
Plain!

Youth was cheap—wherefore we sold it.
Gold was good—we hoped to hold it,
And to-day we know the fulness of our
gain.

Gray dusk behind the tamarisks—the parrots fly
together—

As the sun is sinking slowly over Home;
And his last ray seems to mock us shackled in
a lifelong tether

That drags us back howe'er so far we roam.

Hard her service, poor her payment—she in
ancient, tattered raiment—

India, she the grim Stepmother of our
kind.

If a year of life be lent her, if her temple's
shrine we enter,

The door is shut—we may not look behind.

Black night behind the tamarisks—the owls
begin their chorus—

As the conches from the temple scream and
bray.

With the fruitless years behind us, and the
hopeless years before us,

Let us honor, O my brothers, Christmas
Day!

Call a truce, then, to our labors—let us
feast with friends and neighbors,

And be merry as the custom of our caste;
For if “faint and forced the laughter,”
and if sadness follow after,

We are richer by one mocking Christmas
past.

PAGETT, M. P.

The toad beneath the harrow knows
Exactly where each tooth-point goes.
The butterfly upon the road
Preaches contentment to that toad.

PAGETT, M. P., was a liar, and a fluent liar
therewith,—

He spoke of the heat of India as the “Asian
Solar Myth;”

Came on a four months’ visit, to “study the
East,” in November,

And I got him to sign an agreement vowing to
stay till September.

March came in with the *koil*. Pagett was cool
and gay,

Called me a “bloated Brahmin,” talked of my
“princely pay.”

March went out with the roses. "Where is
your heat?" said he.

"Coming," said I to Pagett. "Skittles!" said
Pagett, M. P.

April began with the punkah, coolies, and
prickly-heat,—

Pagett was dear to mosquitoes, sandflies found
him a treat.

He grew speckled and lumpy—hammered, I
grieve to say,

Aryan brothers who fanned him, in an illiberal
way.

May set in with a dust-storm,—Pagett went
down with the sun.

All the delights of the season tickled him one
by one.

Imprimis—ten days' "liver"—due to his drink-
ing beer;

Later, a dose of fever—slight, but he called it
severe.

Dysent'ry touched him in June, after the *Chotà Bursat*—

Lowered his portly person—made him yearn to depart.

He didn't call me a "Brahmin," or "bloated," or "overpaid,"

But seemed to think it a wonder that any one stayed.

July was a trifle unhealthy,—Pagett was ill with fear,

Called it the "Cholera Morbus," hinted that life was dear.

He babbled of "Eastern exile," and mentioned his home with tears;

But I hadn't seen *my* children for close upon seven years.

We reached a hundred and twenty once in the Court at noon,

(I've mentioned Pagett was portly) Pagett went off in a swoon.

That was an end to the business; Pagett, the
perjured, fled
With a practical, working knowledge of "Solar
Myths" in his head.

And I laughed as I drove from the station, but
the mirth died out on my lips
As I thought of the fools like Pagett who write
of their "Eastern trips,"
And the sneers of the traveled idiots who duly
misgovern the land,
And I prayed to the Lord to deliver another
one into my hand.

THE SONG OF THE WOMEN.

(Lady Dufferin's fund for medical aid to the Women of India.)

How shall she know the worship we would do
her?

The walls are high, and she is very far.
How shall the women's message reach unto her
Above the tumult of the packed bazaar?

Free wind of March, against the lattice
blowing,

Bear thou our thanks, lest she depart un-
knowing.

Go forth across the fields we may not roam in,
Go forth beyond the trees that rim the city,
To whatsoe'er fair place she hath her home
in,

Who dowered us with wealth of love and
pity.

Out of our shadow pass, and seek her sing-
ing—

“I have no gifts but Love alone for bring-
ing.”

Say that we be a feeble folk who greet her,
But old in grief, and very wise in tears;
Say that we, being desolate, entreat her
That she forget us not in after years;
For we have seen the light, and it were
grievous
To dim that dawning if our lady leave us.

By life that ebb'd with none to stanch the fail-
ing,
By Love's sad harvest garnered in the spring,
When Love in ignorance wept unavailing
O'er young buds dead before their blossom-
ing;
By all the gray owl watched, the pale moon
viewed,
In past grim years, declare our gratitude!

By hands uplifted to the Gods that heard not,
By gifts that found no favor in their sight,
By faces bent above the babe that stirred not,
By nameless horrors of the stifling night;
By ills foredone, by peace her toils discover,
Bid Earth be good beneath and Heaven
above her!

If she have sent her servants in our pain,
If she have fought with Death and dulled his
sword;
If she have given back our sick again,
And to the breast the weakling lips restored,
Is it a little thing that she has wrought?
Then Life and Death and Motherhood be
nought.

Go forth, O wind, our message on thy wings,
And they shall hear thee pass and bid thee
speed,

In reed-roofed hut, or white-walled home of
kings,

Who have been helped by her in their need.

All spring shall give the fragrance, and the
wheat

Shall be a tasseled floorcloth to thy feet.

Haste, for our hearts are with thee, take no
rest!

Loud-voiced ambassador, from sea to sea
Proclaim the blessing, manifold, confest,

Of those in darkness by her hand set free,

Then very softly to her presence move,

And whisper: "Lady, lo, they know and
love!"

A BALLADE OF JAKKO HILL.

ONE moment bid the horses wait,
Since tiffin is not laid till three,
Below the upward path and straight
You climbed a year ago with me.
Love came upon us suddenly
And loosed—an idle hour to kill—
A headless, armless armory
That smote us both on Jakko Hill.

Ah Heaven! we would wait and wait
Through Time and to Eternity!
Ah Heaven! we could conquer Fate
With more than Godlike constancy!
I cut the date upon a tree—
Here stand the clumsy figures still:—
“10-7-85, A.D.”
Damp with the mist of Jakko Hill:

What came of high resolve and great,
And until Death fidelity?
Whose horse is waiting at your gate?
Whose *'rickshaw*-wheels ride over me?
No Saint's, I swear; and—let me see
To-night what names your program fill—
We drift asunder merrily,
As drifts the mist on Jakko Hill!

L'ENVOI.

Princess, behold our ancient state
Has clean departed; and we see
'Twas Idleness we took for Fate
That bound light bonds on you and me.
Amen! Here ends the comedy
Where it began in all good will;
Since Love and Leave together flee
As driven mist on Jakko Hill!

THE PLEA OF THE SIMLA DANCERS.

Too late, alas! the song
To remedy the wrong;—

The rooms are taken from us, swept and garnished for their
fate.

But these tear-besprinkled pages
Shall attest to future ages

That we cried against the crime of it—too late, alas! too late!

“WHAT have *we* ever done to bear this
grudge?”

Was there no room save only in Benmore
For 'docket, *duftar*, and for office drudge,
That you usurp our smoothest dancing floor?
Must babus do their work on polished teak?

Are ball-rooms fittest for the ink you spill?
Was there no other cheaper house to seek?
You might have left them all at Strawberry
Hill.

We *nēvēr* harmed you! Innocent our guise,
Dainty our shining feet, our voices low;

And we revolved to divers melodies,
And we were happy but a year ago.
To-night, the moon that watched our lightsome
wiles—

That beamed upon us through the deodars—
Is wan with gazing on official files,
And desecrating desks disgust the stars.

Nay! by the memory of tuneful nights—
Nay! by the witchery of flying feet—
Nay—by the glamour of foredone delights—
By all things merry, musical, and meet—
By wine that sparkled, and by sparkling eyes—
By wailing waltz—by reckless galops strain—
By dim verandas and by soft replies,
Give us our ravished ball-room back again!

Or—harken to the curse we lay on you!
The ghosts of waltzes shall perplex your
brain,
And murmurs of past merriment pursue

Your 'wildered clerks that they indite in
vain;

And, when you count your poor Provincial
millions,

The only figures that your pen shall frame
Shall be the figures of dear, dear cotillions
Danced out in tumult long before you came.

Yea! "*See Saw*" shall upset your estimates,
"*Dream Faces*" shall your heavy heads be-
muse,

Because your hand, unheeding, desecrates
Our temple; fit for higher, worthier use.
And all the long verandas, eloquent
With echoes of a score of Simla years,
Shall plague you with unbidden sentiment—
Babbling of kisses, laughter, love, and tears.

So shall you mazed amid old memories stand,
So shall you toil, and shall accomplish nought,
And ever in your ears a phantom Band
Shall blare away the staid official thought.

Wherefore—and ere this awful curse be spoken,
Cast out your swarthy sacrilegious train,
And give—ere dancing cease and hearts be
broken—
Give us our ravished ball-room back again!

BALLAD OF FISHER'S BOARDING- HOUSE.

That night, when through the mooring-chains
 The wide-eyed corpse rolled free,
 To blunder down by Garden Reach
 And rot at Kedgereee,
 The tale the Hughli told the shoal
 The lean shoal told to me.

'Twas Fultah Fisher's boarding-house
 Where sailor-men reside,
 And there were men of all the ports
 From Mississip to Clyde,
 And regally they spat and smoked,
 And fearsomely they lied.

They lied about the purple Sea
 That gave them scanty bread,
 They lied about the Earth beneath,
 The Heavens overhead,
 For they had looked too often on
 Black rum when that was red.

They told their tales of wreck and wrong,
Of shame and lust and fraud,
They backed their toughest statements with
The Brimstone of the Lord,
And crackling oaths went to and fro
Across the fist-banged board.

And there was Hans the Blue-eyed Dane,
Bull-throated, bare of arm,
Who carried on his hairy chest
The maid Ultruda's charm —
The little silver crucifix
That keeps a man from harm.

And there was Jake Without-the-Ears,
And Pamba the Malay,
And Carboy Gin the Guinea cook,
And Luz from Vigo Bay,
And Honest Jack who sold them slops
And harvested their pay.

And there was Salem Hardieker,
A lean Bostonian he—

Russ, German, English, Halfbreed, Finn,
 Yank, Dane, and Portugee,
 At Fultah Fisher's boarding-house
 They rested from the sea.

Now Anne of Austria shared their drinks,
 Collinga knew her fame,
 From Tarnau in Galicia
 To Jaun Bazar she came,
 To eat the bread of infamy
 And take the wage of shame.

She held a dozen men to heel—
 Rich spoil of war was hers,
 In hose and gown and ring and chain,
 From twenty mariners,
 And, by Port Law, that week, men called
 Her Salem Hardieker's.

But seamen learnt—what landsmen know—
 That neither gifts nor gain

Can hold a winking Light o' Love
Or Fancy's flight restrain,
When Anne of Austria rolled her eyes
On Hans the blue-eyed Dane.

Since Life is strife, and strife means knife,
From Howrah to the Bay,
And he may die before the dawn
Who liquored out the day,
In Fultah Fisher's boarding-house
We woo while yet we may.

But cold was Hans the blue-eyed Dane,
Bull-throated, bare of arm,
And laughter shook the chest beneath
The maid Ultruda's charm—
The little silver crucifix
That keeps a man from harm.

“You speak to Salem Hardieker,
You was his girl, I know.

I ship mineselfs to-morrow, see,
 Und round the Skaw we go,
 South, down the Cattegat, by Hjelm,
 To Besser in Saro."

When love rejected turns to hate,
 All ill betide the man.

"You speak to Salem Hardieker"—
 She spoke as woman can.

A scream—a sob—"He called me—names!"
 And then the fray began.

An oath from Salem Hardieker,
 A shriek upon the stairs,
 A dance of shadows on the wall,
 A knife-thrust unawares—
 And Hans came down, as cattle drop,
 Across the broken chairs.

.

In Anne of Austria's trembling hands
 The weary head fell low:—

“I ship mineselfs to-morrow, straight

For Besser in Saro:

Und there Ultruda comes to me

At Easter, und I go

“South, down the Cattegat— What’s here?

There—are—no—light—to—guide!”

The mutter ceased, the spirit passed,

And Anne of Austria cried

In Fultah Fisher’s boarding-house

When Hans the mighty died.

Thus slew they Hans the blue-eyed Dane,

Bull-throated, bare of arm,

But Anne of Austria looted first

The maid Ultruda’s charm—

The little silver crucifix

That keeps a man from harm.

“AS THE BELL CLINKS.”

As I left the Halls at Lumley, rose the vision of
a comely

Maid last season worshiped dumbly, watched
with fervor from afar;

And I wondered idly, blindly, if the maid would
greet me kindly.

That was all—the rest was settled by the clink-
ing tonga-bar.

Yea, my life and hers were coupled by the tonga
coupling-bar.

For my misty meditation, at the second chang-
ing station,

Suffered sudden dislocation, fled before the
tuneless jar

Of a Wagner *obbligato*, *schërzo*, double-hand
staccato,

Played on either pony's saddle by the clacking
tonga-bar—

Played with human speech, I fancied, by the jig-
ging, jolting bar.

“She was sweet,” thought I, “last season, but
'twere surely wild unreason

Such tiny hope to freeze on as was offered by
my Star,

When she whispered, something sadly:—‘I—we
feel your going bady!’ ”

“*And you let the chance escape you?*” rapped
the rattling tonga-bar.

“*What a chance and what an idiot!*” clinked
the vicious tonga-bar.

Heart of man—oh, heart of putty! Had I gone
by Kakahutti,

On the old Hill-road and rutty, I had 'scaped
that fatal car

But his fortune each must bide by, so I watched
the milestones slide by,

To "*You call on Her to-morrow!*"—fugue with
cymbals by the bar—

"*You must call on Her to-morrow!*"—post-
horn gallop by the bar.

Yet a further stage my goal on—we were whirl-
ing down to Solon,

With a double lurch and roll on, best foot fore-
most, *ganz und gar*—

"She was *very* sweet," I hinted. "If a kiss had
been imprinted—?"

"*'Would ha' saved a world of trouble!'*"
clashed the busy tonga-bar.

"*'Been accepted or rejected!'*" banged and
clanged the tonga-bar.

Then a notion wild and daring, 'spite the in-
come tax's paring,

And a hasty thought of sharing—less than
many incomes are,

Made me put a question private, you can guess
what I would drive at.

"You must work the sum to prove it," clanked
the careless tonga-bar.

"Simple Rule of Two will prove it," lilted back
the tonga-bar.

It was under Khyraghaut I mused:—"Suppose
the maid be haughty—

(There are lovers rich—and forty)—wait some
wealthy Avatar?

Answer, monitor untiring, 'twixt the ponies
twain perspiring!"

"Faint heart never won fair lady," creaked the
straining tonga-bar.

"Can I tell you ere you ask Her?" pounded
slow the tonga-bar.

Last, the Tara Devi turning showed the lights
of Simla burning,

Lit my little lazy yearning to a fiercer flame by
far.

As below the Mall we jingled, through my very
heart it tingled—

Did the iterated order of the threshing tonga-
bar—

“*Try your luck—yon can’t do better!*” twanged
the loosened tonga-bar.

AN OLD SONG.

So long as 'neath the Kalka hills

The tonga-horn shall ring,

So long as down the Solon dip

The hard-held ponies swing,

So long as Tara Devi sees

The lights o' Simla town,

So long as Pleasure calls us up,

And duty drives us down,

If you love me as I love you,

What pair so happy as we two?

So long as Aces take the King,

Or backers take the bet,

So long as debt leads men to wed,

Or marriage leads to debt,

So long as little luncheons, Love

And scandal hold their vogue,

While there is sport at Annandale

Or whisky at Jutogh,

If you love me as I love you,

What knife can cut our love in two?

So long as down the rocking floor

The raving polka spins,

So long as Kitchen Lancers spur

The maddened violins,

So long as through the whirling smoke

We hear the oft-told tale:—

“Twelve hundred in the Lotteries,”

And “*Whatshername* for sale?”

If you love me as I love you,

We'll play the game and win it too.

So long as Lust or Lucre temp.

Straight riders from the course,

So long as with each drink we pour

Black brewage of Remorse,

So long as those unloaded guns

We keep beside the bed

Blow off, by obvious accident,

The lucky owner's head,

If you love me as I love you,

What can Life kill or Death undo?

So long as Death 'twixt dance and dance

Chills best and bravest blood,

And drops the reckless rider down

The rotten, rain-soaked *khud*,

So long as rumors from the North

Make loving wives afraid,

So long as Burma takes the boy

And typhoid kills the maid,

If you love me as I love you,

What knife can cut our love in two?

By all that lights our daily life

Or works our lifelong woe,

From Boileaugunge to Simla Downs

And those grim glades below,

Where, heedless of the flying hoof

And clamor overhead,

Sleep, with the gray langur for guard,
Our very scornful Dead,
If you love me as I love you,
All Earth is servant to us two.

By Docket, Billetdoux, and File,
By Mountain, Cliff, and Fir,
By Fan and Sword and Office-box,
By Corset, Plume, and Spur,
By Riot, Revel, Waltz, and War,
By Women, Work, and Bills,
By all the life that fizzes in
The everlasting Hills,
If you love me as I love you,
What pair so happy as we two?

CERTAIN MAXIMS OF HAFIZ.

I.

IF It be pleasant to look on, stalled in the packed
serai,

Does not the Young Man try Its temper and
pace ere he buy?

If She be pleasant to look on, what does the
Young Man say?

“Lo! She is pleasant to look on, give Her to
me to-day!”

II.

Yea, though a Kafir die, to him is remitted Je-
hannum

If he borrowed in life from a native at sixty
per cent per annum.

III.

Blister we not for *bursati*? So when the heart
is vexed,
The pain of one maiden's refusal is drowned in
the pain of the next.

IV.

The temper of chums, the love of your wife, and
a new piano's tune—
Which of the three will you trust at the end of
an Indian June?

V.

Who are the rulers of Ind—to whom shall we
bow the knee?
Make your peace with the women, and men will
make you L. G.

VI.

Does the woodpecker flit round the young
ferash?
Does grass clothe a new-built wall?
Is she under thirty, the woman who holds a boy
in her thrall?

A fortnight fully to be missed,
Gold was good—we hoped to hold it,

VII.

If She grow suddenly gracious—reflect. Is it
all for thee?
The black-buck is stalked through the bullock,
and Man through jealousy.

VIII.

Seek not for favor of women. So shall you find
it indeed.
Does not the boar break cover just when you're
lighting a weed?

IX.

If He play, being young and unskilful, for
shekels of silver and gold,
Take His money, my son, praising Allah. The
kid was ordained to be sold.

X.

With a "weed" among men or horses verily
this is the best,

That you work him in office or dog-cart lightly
—but give him no rest.

XI.

Pleasant the snaffle of Courtship, improving
the manners and carriage;
But the colt who is wise will abstain from the
terrible thorn-bit of Marriage.

XII.

As the thriftless gold of the *babul*, so is the
gold that we spend
On a Derby Sweep, or our neighbor's wife, or
the horse that we buy from a friend.

XIII.

The ways of man with a maid be strange, yet
simple and tame
To the ways of a man with a horse, when selling
or racing that same.

XIV.

In public Her face turneth to thee, and pleasant
Her smile when ye meet.

It is ill. The cold rocks of El-Gidar smile thus
on the waves at their feet.

In public Her face is averted, with anger She
nameth thy name.

It is well. Was there ever a loser content with
the loss of the game?

XV.

If She have spoken a word, remember thy lips
are sealed,

And the Brand of the Dog is upon him by whom
is the secret revealed.

If She have written a letter, delay not an in-
stant, but burn it.

Tear it in pieces, O Fool, and the wind to her
mate shall return it!

If there be trouble to Herward, and a lie of the
blackest can clear,

Lie, while thy lips can move or a man is alive
to hear.

XVI.

My Son, if a maiden deny thee and scufflingly
 bid thee give o'er,
Yet lip meets with lip at the lastward—get out!
 She has been there before.
They are pecked on the ear and the chin and
 the nose who are lacking in lore.

XVII.

If we fall in the race, though we win, the hoof-
 slide is scarred on the course.
Though Allah and Earth pardon Sin, remaineth
 forever Remorse.

XVIII.

“By all I am misunderstood!” if the Matron
 shall say, or the Maid:—
“Alas! I do not understand,” my son, be thou
 nowise afraid.
In vain in the sight of the Bird is the net of
 the Fowler displayed.

XIX.

My son, if I, Hafiz, thy father, take hold of thy
knees in my pain,
Demanding thy name on stamped paper, one
day or one hour—refrain.
Are the links of thy fetters so light that thou
cravest another man's chain?

THE GRAVE OF THE HUNDRED HEAD

*There's a widow in sleepy Chester
 Who weeps for her only son;
 There's a grave on the Pabeng River,
 A grave that the Burmans shun,
 And there's Subadar Prag Tewarri
 Who tells how the work was done.*

A Snider squibbed in the jungle,
 Somebody laughed and fled,
 And the men of the first Shikaris
 Picked up their Subaltern dead,
 With a big blue mark in his forehead
 And the back blown out of his head.

Subadar Prag Tewarri,
 Jemadar Pira Lal,

Took command of the party,
Twenty rifles in all,
Marched them down to the river
As the day was beginning to fall.

They buried the boy by the river,
A blanket over his face—
They wept for their dead Lieutenant,
The men of an alien race—
They made a *samádh* in his honor,
A mark for his resting-place.

For they swore by the Holy Water,
They swore by the salt they ate,
That the soul of Lieutenant Eshmitt Sahib
Should go to his God in state;
With fifty file of Burman
To open him Heaven's gate.

The men of the First Shikaris
Marched till the break of day,

Till they came to the rebel village,
The village of the Pabengmay—
A *jingal* covered the clearing,
Calthrops hampered the way.

Subadar Prag Tewarri,
Bidding them load with ball,
Halted a dozen rifles
Under the village wall;
Sent out a flanking-party
With Jemadar Hira Lal.

The men of the First Shikaris
Shouted and smote and slew,
Turning the grinning *jingal*
On to the howling crew.
The Jemadar's flanking-party
Butchered the folk who flew.

Long was the morn of slaughter,
Long was the list of slain,

Five score heads were taken,
Five score heads and twain;
And the men of the First Shikaris
Went back to their grave again,

Each man bearing a basket
Red as his palms that day,
Red as the blazing village—
The village of Pabengmay.
And the “*drip-drip-drip*” from the baskets
Reddened the grass by the way.

They made a pile of their trophies
High as a tall man’s chin,
Head upon head distorted,
Set in a sightless grin,
Anger and pain and terror
Stamped on the smoke-scorched skin.

Subadar Prag Tewarri
Put the head of the Boh

On the top of the mound of triumph,
 The head of his son below,
 With the sword and the peacock-banner
 That the world might behold and know.

Thus the *samádh* was perfect,
 Thus was the lesson plain
 Of the wrath of the First Shikaris—
 The price of a white man slain;
 And the men of the First Shikaris
 Went back into camp again.

Then a silence came to the river,
 A hush fell over the shore,
 And Bohs that were brave departed,
 And Sniders squibbed no more;
 For the Burmans said
 That a *kullah's* head
 Must be paid for with heads five score.

*There's a widow in sleepy Chester,
 Who weeps for her only son;*

*There's a grave on the Pabeng River,
A grave that the Burmans shun,
And there's Subadar Prag Tewarri
Who tells how the work was done.*

THE MOON OF OTHER DAYS.

BENEATH the deep veranda's shade,

When bats begin to fly,

I sit me down and watch—alas!—

Another evening die.

Blood-red behind the sere *ferash*

She rises through the haze.

Sainted Diana! can that be

The Moon of Other Days?

Ah! shade of little Kitty Smith,

Sweet Saint of Kensington!

Say, was it ever thus at Home

The Moon of August shone,

When arm in arm we wandered long

Through Putney's evening haze,

And Hammersmith was Heaven beneath

The Moon of Other Days?

But Wandle's stream is Sutlej now,

And Putney's evening haze

The dust that half a hundred kine

Before my window raise.

Unkempt, unclean, athwart the mist

The seething city looms,

In place of Putney's golden gorse

The sickly *babul* blooms.

Glare down, old Hecate, through the dust,

And bid the pie-dog yell,

Draw from the drain its typhoid-germ,

From each bazaar its smell;

Yea, suck the fever from the tank

And sap my strength therewith:

Thank Heaven, you show a smiling face

To little Kitty Smith!

THE OVERLAND MAIL.

(Foot-Service to the Hills.)

IN the name of the Empress of India, make
way,

O Lords of the Jungle, wherever you roam.
The woods are astir at the close of the day—

We exiles are waiting for letters from Home.
Let the robber retreat—let the tiger turn tail—
In the Name of the Empress, the Overland
Mail!

With a jingle of bells as the dusk gathers in,
He turns to the foot-path that heads up the
hill—

The bags on his back and a cloth round his chin,
And, tucked in his waist-belt, the Post Office
bill:—

“Despatched on this date, as received by the
rail,

Per runner, two bags of the Overland Mail.”

Is the torrent in spate? He must ford it or
swim.

Has the rain wrecked the road? He must
climb by the cliff.

Does the tempest cry "Halt"? [What are
tempests to him?

The Service admits not a "but" or an "if."
While the breath's in his mouth, he must bear
without fail,

In the Name of the Empress, the Overland
Mail.

From aloe to rose-oak, from rose-oak to fir,
From level to upland, from upland to crest,
From rice-field to rock-ridge, from rock-ridge
to spur,

Fly the soft sandaled feet, strains the brawny
brown chest.

From rail to ravine—to the peak from the
vale—

Up, up through the night goes the Overland
Mail.

There's a speck on the hillside, a dot on the
road—

A jingle of bells on the foot-path below—
There's a scuffle above in the monkey's abode—

The world is awake, and the clouds are aglow.
For the great Sun himself must attend to the
hail:—

“In the name of the Empress, the Overland
Mail!”

WHAT THE PEOPLE SAID.

(June 21st, 1887.)

By the well, where the bullocks go
Silent and blind and slow—
By the field where the young corn dies
In the face of the sultry skies,
They have heard, as the dull Earth hears
The voice of the wind of an hour,
The sound of the Great Queen's voice:—
“My God hath given me years,
Hath granted dominion and power:
And I bid you, O Land, rejoice.”

And the plowman settles the share
More deep in the grudging clod;
For he saith: “The wheat is my care,
And the rest is the will of God.
He sent the Mahratta spear
As He sendeth the rain,

And the *Mlech*, in the fated year,
Broke the spear in twain,
And was broken in turn. Who knows
How our Lords make strife?
It is good that the young wheat grows,
For the bread is Life."

Then, far and near, as the twilight drew,
Hissed up to the scornful dark
Great serpents, blazing, of red and blue,
That rose and faded, and rose anew,
That the Land might wonder and mark
"To-day is a day of days," they said,
"Make merry, O People, all!"
And the Plowman listened and bowed his
head:—

"To-day and to-morrow God's will," he said,
As he trimmed the lamps on the wall.

"He sendeth us years that are good,
As He sendeth the dearth.
He giveth to each man his food,

Or Her food to the Earth.

Our Kings and our Queens are afar—

On their peoples be peace—

God bringeth the rain to the Bar,

That our cattle increase.”

And the Plowman settled the share

More deep in the sun-dried clod:—

“Mogul, Mahratta, and *Mlech* from the North,

And White Queen over the Seas—

God raiseth them up and driveth them forth

As the dust of the plowshare flies in the breeze;

But the wheat and the cattle are all my care,

And the rest is the will of God.”

THE UNDERTAKER'S HORSE.

“To-tschin-shu is condemned to death. How can he drink tea with the Executioner?”—*Japanese Proverb.*

THE eldest son bestrides him,
And the pretty daughter rides him,
And I meet him oft o' mornings on the Course;
And there wakens in my bosom
An emotion chill and gruesome
As I canter past the Undertaker's Horse.

Neither shies he nor is restive,
But a hideously suggestive
Trot, professional and placid, he affects;
And the cadence of his hoof-beats
To my mind, this grim reproof beats:—
“Mend your pace, my friend, I'm coming.
Who's the next?”

Ah! stud-bred of ill-omen,
I have watched the strongest go—men
Of pith and might and muscle—at your heels,
Down the plantain-bordered highway,
(Heaven send it ne'er be my way!)
In a lacquered box and jetty upon wheels.

Answer, somber beast and dreary,
Where is Brown, the young, the cheery,
Smith, the pride of all his friends and half the
Force?

You were at that last dread *dak*
We must cover at a walk,
Bring them back to me, O Undertaker's Horse!

With your mane unhogged and flowing,
And your curious way of going,
And that business-like black crimping of your
tail,
E'en with Beauty on your back, sir,

Pacing as a lady's hack, Sir,
What wonder when I meet you I turn pale?

It may be you wait your time, Beast,
Till I write my last bad rhyme, Beast,
Quit the sunlight, cut the rhyming, drop the
 glass,
Follow after with the others,
Where some dusky heathen smothers
Us with marigolds in lieu of English grass.

Or, perchance, in years to follow,
I shall watch your plump sides hollow,
See Carnifex (gone lame) become a corse,
See old age at last o'erpower you,
And the Station Pack devour you,
I shall chuckle then, O Undertaker's Horse!

But to insult, gibe, and quest, I've
Still the hideously suggestive

Trot that hammers out the grim and warning
text,

And I hear it hard behind me,

In what place soe'er I find me:—

“Sure to catch you sooner or later. Who's the
next?”

THE FALL OF JOCK GILLESPIE.

THIS fell when dinner-time was done—

'Twixt the first an' the second rub—

That oor man Jock cam' hame again

To his rooms ahint the Club.

An' syne he laughed, an' syne he sang,

An' syne we thocht him fou,

An' syne he trumped his partner's trick,

An' garred his partner rue.

Then up and spake an elder mon,

That held the Spade its Ace—

“God save the lad! Whence comes the licht

That wimples on his face?”

An' Jock he sniggered, an' Jock he smiled,

An' ower the card-brim wunk:—

“I'm a' too fresh fra' the stirrup-peg,

May be that I am drunk.”

“There's whusky brewed in Galashiels,

An' L. L. L. forbye;

But never liquor lit the low

That keeks fra' oot your eye.

“There's a thrid o' hair on your dress-coat

breast,

Aboon the heart a wee?”

“Oh! that is fra' the lang-haired Skye

That slobbers ower me.”

“Oh! lang-haired Skyes are lovin' beasts,

An' terrier dogs are fair,

But never yet was terrier born

Wi' ell-lang gowden hair!

“There’s a smirch o’ pouter on your breast,
Below the left lappel?”

“Oh! that is fra’ my auld cigar,
When as the stump-end fell.”

“Mon Jock, ye smoke the Trichi coarse,
For ye are short o’ cash,
An’ best Havanas couldna leave
Sae white an’ pure an ash.

“This nicht ye stopped a story braid,
An’ stopped it wi’ a curse—
Last nicht ye told that tale yoursel,
An’ capped it wi’ a worse!

“Oh! we’re no fou! Oh! we’re no fou!
But plainly we can ken
Ye’re fallin’, fallin’, fra the band
O’ cantie single men!”

An' it fell when *sirris*-shaws were sere,
An' the nichts were lang and mirk,
In braw new breeks, wi' a gowden ring,
Oor Jackie gaed to the Kirk.

ARITHMETIC ON THE FRONTIER.

A GREAT and glorious thing it is
To learn, for seven years or so,
The Lord knows what of that and this,
Ere reckoned fit to face the foe—
The flying bullet down the Pass,
That whistles clear: “All flesh is grass.”

Three hundred pounds per annum spent
On making brain and body meeter
For all the murderous intent
Comprised in “villainous saltpetre!”
And after—ask the Yusufzaies
What comes of all our 'ologies.

A scrimmage in a Border Station—
A canter down some dark defile—

Two thousand pounds of education

Drops to a ten-rupee *jezail*—

The Crammer's boast, the Squadron's pride,

Shot like a rabbit in a ride!

No proposition Euclid wrote,

No formulæ the text books know,

Will turn the bullet from your coat,

Or ward the tulwar's downward blow.

Strike hard who cares—shoot straight who
can—

The odds are on the cheaper man.

One sword-knot stolen from the camp

Will pay for all the school expenses

Of any Kurrum Valley scamp

Who knows no word or moods and tenses,

But, being blessed with perfect sight,

Picks off our messmates left and right.

With home-bred hordes the hill-sides teem,

The troop-ships bring us one by one,

At vast expense of time and stream,
To slay Afridis where they run.
The “captives of our bow and spear”
Are cheap—alas! as we are dear.

ONE VICEROY RESIGNS.

(*Lord Dufferin to Lord Lansdowne.*)

So here's your Empire. No more wine, then?

Good.

We'll clear the Aides and *khitmatgars* away.

(You'll know that fat old fellow with the knife—

He keeps the Name Book, talks in English too,

And almost thinks himself the Government.)

O Youth, Youth, Youth! Forgive me, you're so
young.

Forty from sixty—twenty years of work

And power to back the working. *Ay de mi!*

You want to know, you want to see, to touch,

And, by your lights, to act. It's natural.

I wonder can I help you. Let me try.

You saw—what did you see from Bombay east?

Enough to frighten any one but me?

Neat that! It frightened Me in Eighty-Four!
You shouldn't take a man from Canada
And bid him smoke in powder magazines;
Nor with a Reputation such as—Bah!
That ghost has haunted me for twenty years,
My Reputation now full blown—Your fault—
Yours, with your stories of the strife at Home,
Who's up, who's down, who leads and who is
led—

One reads so much, one hears so little here.
Well, now's your turn of exile. I go back
To Rome and leisure. All roads lead to Rome,
Or books—the refuge of the destitute.
When you . . . that brings me back to India
See!

Start clear. I couldn't. Egypt served my
turn.

You'll never plumb the Oriental mind,
And if you did it isn't worth the toil.
Think of a sleek French priest in Canada,
Divide by twenty half-breeds. Multiply

By twice the Sphinx's silence. There's your
East,

And you're as wise as ever. So am I.

Accept on trust and work in darkness, strike
At venture, stumble forward, make your mark,
(It's chalk on granite), then thank God no flame
Leaps from the rock to shrivel mark and man.
I'm clear—my mark is made. Three months of
drought

Had ruined much. It rained and washed away
The specks that might have gathered on my
Name.

I took a country twice the size of France,
And shuttered up one doorway in the North.
I stand by those. You'll find that both will pay,
I pledged my Name on both—they're yours
to-night.

Hold to them—they hold fame enough for two.
I'm old, but I shall live till Burma pays.
Men there—*not* German traders—Cr-sthw-te
knows—

You'll find it in my papers. For the North
Guns always—quietly—but always guns.
You've seen your Council? Yes, they'll try to
rule,

And prize their Reputations. Have you met
A grim lay-reader with a taste for coins,
And faith in Sin most men withhold from God?
He's gone to England. R-p-n knew his grip
And kicked. A Council always has its H-pes.
They look for nothing from the West but Death
Or Bath or Bournemouth. Here's their ground.
They fight

Until the middle classes take them back,
One of ten millions plus a C. S. I.
Or drop in harness. Legion of the Lost?
Not altogether—earnest, narrow men,
But chiefly earnest, and they'll do your work,
And end by writing letters to the *Times*.
(Shall *I* write letters, answering H-nt-r—fawn
With R-p-n on the Yorkshire grocers? Ugh!)
They have their Reputations. Look to one—

I work with him—the smallest of them all,
White-haired, red-faced, who sat the plunging
horse

Out in the garden. He's your right-hand man,
And dreams of tilting W-ls-y from the throne,
But while he dreams gives work we cannot buy;
He has his Reputation—wants the Lords
By way of Frontier Roads. Meantime, I think,
He values very much the hand that falls
Upon his shoulder at the Council table—
Hates cats and knows his business: *which is*
yours.

Your business! Twice a hundred million
souls.

Your business! I could tell you what I did
Some nights of Eighty-Five, at Simla, worth
A Kingdom's ransom. When a big ship drives,
God knows to what new reef the man at the
wheel

Prays with the passengers. They lose their
lives,

Or rescued go their way; but he's no man
To take his trick at the wheel again—that's
worse

Than drowning. Well, a galled Mashobra mule
(You'll see Mashobra) passed me on the Mall,
And I was—some fool's wife had ducked and
bowed

To show the others I would stop and speak.
Then the mule fell—three galls, a hand-breadth
each,

Behind the withers. Mrs. Whatsitsname
Leers at the mule and me by turns, thweet
thoul!

“How could they make him carry such a load!”
I saw—it isn't often I dream dreams—
More than the mule that minute—smoke and
flame

From Simla to the haze below. That's weak.
You're younger. You'll dream dreams before
you've done.

You've youth, that's one—good workmen—that
means two

Fair chances in your favor. Fate's a third.
I know what *I* did. Do you ask me, "Peach"?
I answer by my past or else go back
To platitudes of rule—or take you thus
In confidence and say:—"You know the trick:
You've governed Canada. You know. *You*
know!"

And all the while commend you to Fate's hand
(Here at the top one loses sight o' God),
Commend you, then, to something more than
you—
The Other People's blunders and . . .
that's all.

I'd agonize to serve you if I could.
It's incommunicable, like the cast
That drops the tackle with the gut adry.
Too much—too little—there's your salmon lost!
And so I tell you nothing—wish you luck,
And wonder—how I wonder!—for your sake
And triumph for my own. You're young,
you're young,

You hold to half a hundred Shibboleths.
I'm old. I followed Power to the last,
Gave her my best, and Power followed Me.
It's worth it—on my soul I'm speaking plain,
Here by the claret glasses!—worth it all.
I gave—no matter what I gave—I win.
I *know* I win. Mine's work, good work that
lives!

A country twice the size of France—the North
Safeguarded. That's my record: sink the rest
And better if you can. The Rains may serve,
Rupees may rise—three pence will give you
Fame—

It's rash to hope for sixpence—If they rise
Get guns, more guns, and lift the salt-tax.

Oh!

I told you what the Congress meant or thought?
I'll answer nothing. Half a year will prove
The full extent of time and thought you'll spare
To Congress. Ask a Lady Doctor *once*
How little Begums see the light—deduce

Thence how the True Reformer's child is born.

It's interesting, curious . . . and vile.

I told the Turk he was a gentleman.

I told the Russian that his Tartar veins

Bled pure Parisian ichor; and he purred.

The Congress doesn't purr. I think it swears.

You're young—you'll swear too ere you've
reached the end.

The End! God help you, if there be a God.

(There must be one to startle Gl-dst-ne's soul

In that new land where all the wires are cut,

And Cr-ss snores anthems on the asphodel.)

God help you! And I'd help you if I could,

But that's beyond me. Yes, your speech was
crude.

Sound claret after olives—yours and mine;

But Medoc slips into vin ordinaire.

(I'll drink my first at Genoa to your health.)

Raise it to Hock. You'll never catch my style.

And, after all, the middle-classes grip

The middle-class—for Brompton talk Earl's
Court.

Perhaps you're right. I'll see you in the
Times—

A quarter-column of eye-searing print,
A leader once a quarter—then a war;
The Strand abellow through the fog: “Defeat!”
“ ‘Orrible slaughter!’ ” While you lie awake
And wonder. Oh, you'll wonder ere you're
free!

I wonder now. The four years slide away
So fast, so fast, and leave me here alone.
R—y, C—lv—n, L—l, R—b—rts, B—ck, the rest,
Princes and Powers or Darkness, troops and
trains,

(I *cannot* sleep in trains), land piled on land,
Whitewash and weariness, red rockets, dust,
White snows that mocked me, palaces—with
draughts,

And W—stl—nd with the drafts he couldn't pay,
Poor W—ls—n reading his obituary
Before he died, and H—pe, the man with bones,
And A—tch—s—n a dripping mackintosh

At Council in the Rains, his grating "Sirrrr"
Half drowned by H-nt-r's silky:—"Bát my
lahd."

Hunterian always: M-rsh-l spinning plates
Or standing on his head; the Rent Bill's roar,
A hundred thousand speeches, much red cloth,
And Smiths thrice happy if I call them Jones,
(I can't remember half their names) or reined
My pony on the Mall to greet their wives.
More trains, more troops, more dust, and then
all's done.

Four years, and I forget. If I forget
How will *they* bear me in their minds? The
North

Safeguarded—nearly (R-b-rts knows the rest),
A country twice the size of France annexed.
That stays at least. The rest may pass—may
pass—

Your heritage—and I can teach you nought.
"High trust," "vast honor," "interest twice
as vast,"

“Due reverence to your Council”— keep to those.

I envy you the twenty years you’ve gained,
But not the five to follow. What’s that? One?
Two!—Surely not so late. Good night. *Don’t*
dream.

THE BETROTHED.

“You must choose between me and your cigar.”

OPEN the old cigar-box, get me a Cuba stout,
For things are running crossways, and Maggie
and I are out.

We quarreled about Havanas—we fought o’er a
good cheroot,
And I know she is exacting, and she says I am
a brute.

Open the old cigar-box—let me consider a
space;
In the soft blue veil of the vapor, musing on
Maggie’s face.

Maggie is pretty to look at—Maggie's a loving
lass.

But the prettiest cheeks must wrinkle, the truest
of loves must pass.

There's peace in a Laranaga, there's calm in a
Henry 'Clay,

But the best cigar in an hour is finished and
thrown away—

Thrown away for another as perfect and ripe
and brown—

But I could not throw away Maggie for fear o'
the talk o' the town!

Maggie, my wife at fifty—gray and dour and
old—

With never another Maggie to purchase for love
or gold!

And the light of Days that have Been, the dark
of the Days that Are,
And Love's touch stinking and stale, like the
butt of a dead cigar—

The butt of a dead cigar you are bound to keep
in your pocket—
With never a new one to light tho' it's charred
and black to the socket.

Open the old cigar-box let me consider a
while—

Here is a mild Manilla—therē is a wifely
smile.

Which is the better portion—bondage bought
with a ring,
Or a harem of dusky beauties fifty tied in a
string?

Counselors cunning and silent—comforters true
and tried,
And never a one of the fifty to sneer at a rival
bride.

Thought in the early morning, solace in time of
woes,
Peace in the hush of the twilight, balm ere my
eyelids close.

This will the fifty give me, asking nought in
return,
With only a *Suttee's* passion—to do their duty
and burn.

This will the fifty give me. When they are
spent and dead
Five times other fifties shall be my servants
instead.

The furrows of far-off Java, the isles of the
Spanish Main,

When they hear my harem is empty, will send
me my brides again.

I will take no heed to their raiment, nor food
for their mouths withal

So long as the gulls are nesting so long as the
showers fall.

I will scent 'em with best vanilla, with tea will
I temper their hides,

And the Moor and the Mormon shall envy who
read of the tale of my brides.

For Maggie has written a letter to give me my
choice between

The wee little whimpering Love and the great
god Nick o' Teen.

And I have been servant of Love for barely a
twelvemonth clear,

But I have been Priest of Partagas a matter of
seven year;

And the gloom of my bachelor days is flecked
with the cheery light

Of stumps that I burned to Friendship and
Pleasure and Work and Fight.

And I turn my eyes to the future that Maggie
and I must prove,

But the only light on the marshes is the Will-
o'-the-Wisp of Love.

Will it see me safe through my journey, or
leave me bogged in the mire?

Since a puff of tobacco can cloud it, shall I
follow the fitful fire?

Open the old cigar-box—let me consider anew—
Old friends, and who is Maggie that I should
abandon *you?*

A million surplus Maggies are willing to bear
the yoke;
And a woman is only a woman, but a good cigar
is a Smoke.

Light me another Cuba; I hold to my first-sworn
vows,
If Maggie will have no rival, I'll have no
Maggie for spouse!

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

WHERE the sober-colored cultivator smiles

On his *byles*;

Where the cholera, the cyclone, and the crow

Come and go;

Where the merchant deals in indigo and tea,

Hides and *ghi*;

Where the Babu drops inflammatory hints

In his prints;

Stands a City—Charnock chose it—packed
away

Near a Bay—

By the sewage rendered fetid, by the sewer

Made impure,

By the Sunderbunds unwholesome, by the
swamp

Moist and damp;

And the City and the Viceroy, as we see,

Don't agree.

Once, two hundred years ago, the trader came,
Meek and tame,

Where his timid foot first halted, there he
stayed,

Till mere trade
Grew to Empire, and he sent his armies forth
South and North

Till the country from Peshawar to Ceylon
Was his own.

Thus the mid-day halt of Charnock—more's the
pity!

Grew a City.

As the fungus sprouts chaotic from its bed,
So it spread—

Chance-directed, chance-erected, laid and built
On the silt—

Palace, byre, hovel—poverty and pride—
Side by side;

And, above the packed and pestilential town,
Death looked down.

But the Rulers in that City by the Sea

Turned to flee—

Fled, with each returning spring-tide from its
ills

To the Hills.

From the clammy fogs of morning, from the
blaze

Of the days,

From the sickness of the noontide, from the
heat,

Beat retreat;

For the country from Peshawar to Ceylon

Was their own.

But the Merchant risked the perils of the Plain

For his gain.

Now the resting-place of Charnock, 'neath the
palms,

Asks an alms,

And the burden of its lamentation is,

Briefly, this:—

“Because, for certain months, we boil and stew.

So should you.

Cast the Viceroy and his Council, to perspire

In our fire!”

And for answer to the argument, in vain

We explain

That an amateur Saint Lawrence cannot fry:—

“*All* must fry!”

That the Merchant risks the perils of the Plain

For his gain.

Nor can Rulers rule a house that men grow
rich in,

From its kitchen.

Let the Babu drop inflammatory hints

In his prints;

And mature—consistent soul—his plan for
stealing

To Darjeeling:

Let the Merchant seek, who makes his silver
pile,

England’s isle;

Let the City Charnock pitched on—evil day!—

Go Her way.

Though the argosies of Asia at Her doors

Heap their stores,

Though Her enterprise and energy secure

Income sure,

Though “out-station orders” punctually obeyed

Swell Her trade—

Still for rule, administration, and the rest

Simla’s best.

GRIFFEN'S DEBT.

IMPRIMIS he was "broke." Thereafter left
His regiment, and, later, took to drink;
Then, having lost the balance of his friends,
"Went Fantee"—joined the people of the land,
Turned three parts Mussulman and one Hindu,
And lived among the Gauri villagers,
Who gave him shelter and a wife or twain,
And boasted that a thorough, full-blood *sahib*
Had come among them. Thus he spent his time,
Deeply indebted to the village *shroff*,
(Who never asked for payment) always drunk,
Unclean, abominable, out-at-heels;
Forgetting that he was an Englishman.

You know they dammed the Gauri with a dam,
And all the good contractors scamped their
work,

And all the bad material at hand
Was used to dam the Gauri—which was cheap,
And, therefore, proper. Then the Gauri burst,
And several hundred thousand cubic tons
Of water dropped into the valley, *flop*,
And drowned some five and twenty villagers,
And did a lakh or two of detriment
To crops and cattle. When the flood went down
We found him dead, beneath an old dead horse,
Full six miles down the valley. So we said
He was a victim to the Demon Drink,
And moralized upon him for a week,
And then forget him. Which was natural.

But, in the valley of the Guari, men
Beneath the shadow of the big new dam
Relate a foolish legend of the flood,
Accounting for the little loss of life
(Only those five and twenty villagers)
In this wise: On the evening of the flood,
They heard the groaning of the rotten dam,

And voices of the Mountain Devils. Then
An incarnation of the local God,
Mounted upon a monster-neighing horse,
And flourishing a flail-like whip, came down,
Breathing ambrosia, to the villagers,
And fell upon the simple villagers
With yells beyond the power of mortal throat,
And blows beyond the power of mortal hand,
And smote them with the flail-like whip, and
drove

Them clamorous with terror up the hill,
And scattered, with the monster-neighing steed,
Their crazy cottages about their ears,
And generally cleared those villages.
Then came the water, and the local God,
Breathing ambrosia, flourishing his whip,
And mounted on his monster-neighing steed,
Went down the valley with the flying trees
And residue of homesteads, while they watched
Safe on the mountain-side these wondrous
things,

And knew that they were much beloved of
Heaven.

Wherefore, and when the dam was newly built,
They raised a temple to the local God,
And burned all manner of unsavory things
Upon his altar, and created priests,
And blew into a couch, and banged a bell,
And told the story of the Gauri flood
With circumstance and much embroidery.

So he the whiskified Objectionable,
Unclean, abominable, out-at-heels,
Became the tutelary Deity
Of all the Guari valley villages;
And may in time become a Solar Myth.

IN SPRINGTIME.

My garden blazes brightly with the rose-bush
and the peach,

And the *koil* sings above it, in the *siris* by
the well,

From the creeper-covered trellis comes the
squirrel's chattering speech,

And the blue-jay screams and flutters where
the cheery *sat-bhai* dwell.

But the rose has lost its fragrance, and the
koil's note is strange;

I am sick of endless sunshine, sick of blossom-
burdened bough.

Give me back the leafless woodlands where the
winds of Springtime range—

Give me back one day in England, for it's
Spring in England now!

Through the pines the gusts are booming, o'er
the brown fields blowing chill,

From the furrow of the plowshare streams
the fragrance of the loam,

And the hawk nests on the cliff-side and the
jackdaw in the hill,

And my heart is back in England mid the
sights and sounds of Home.

But the garland of the sacrifice this wealth of
rose and peach is;

Ah! *koil*, little *koil*, singing on the *siris*
bough,

In my ears the knell of exile your ceaseless bell-
like speech is—

Can *you* tell me aught of England or of
Spring in England now?

TWO MONTHS.

IN JUNE.

No hope, no change! The clouds have shut
us in

And through the clouds the sullen Sun strikes
down

Full on the bosom of the tortured Town.

Till Night falls heavy as remembered sin

That will not suffer sleep or thought of ease.

And, hour on hour, the dry-eyed Moon in
spite

Glares through the haze and mocks with
watery light

The torment of the uncomplaining trees.

Far off, the Thunder bellows her despair

To echoing Earth, thrice parched. The light-
nings fly

In vain. No help the heaped-up clouds afford,
But wearier weight of burdened, burning air.
What truce with Dawn? Look, from the aching
 sky,
Day stalks, a tryant with a flaming sword!

IN SEPTEMBER.

At dawn there was a murmur in the trees,
 A ripple on the tank, and in the air
 Presage of coming coolness—everywhere
A voice of prophecy upon the breeze.
Up leapt the sun and smote the dust to gold,
 And strove to parch anew the heedless land,
All impotently, as a King grown old
 Wars for the Empire crumbling 'neath his
 hand.

One after one, the lotos-petals fell,
Beneath the onslaught of the rebel year

In mutiny against a furious sky;
And far-off Winter whispered: "It is well!
Hot Summer dies. Behold, your help is near,
For when men's need is sorest, then come I."

THE GALLEY-SLAVE.

Oh, gallant was our galley from her carven
steering-wheel
To her figurehead of silver and her beak of
hammered steel;
The leg-bar chafed the ankle, and we gasped for
cooler air,
But no galley on the water with our galley could
compare!

Our bulkheads bulged with cotton and our masts
were stepped in gold—
We ran a mighty merchandise of niggers in the
hold;

The white foam spun behind us, and the black
shark swam below,
As we gripped the kicking sweep-head and we
made that galley go.

It was merry in the galley, for we reveled now
and then—

If they wore us down like cattle, faith, we fought
and loved like men!

As we snatched her through the water, so we
snatched a minute's bliss,
And the mutter of the dying never spoiled the
lovers' kiss.

Our women and our children toiled beside us in
the dark—

They died, we filed their fetters, and we heaved
them to the shark—

We heaved them to the fishes, but so fast the
galley sped,

We had only time to envy, for we could not
mourn our dead.

Bear witness, once my comrades, what a hard-
bit gang were we—

The servants of the sweep-head, but the
masters of the sea!

By the hands that drove her forward as she
plunged and yawed and sheered.

Woman, Man, or God or Devil, was there any-
thing we feared?

Was it storm? Our fathers faced it, and a
wilder never blew;

Earth that waited for the wreckage watched the
galley struggle through.

Burning noon or choking midnight, Sickness,
Sorrow, Parting, Death?

Nay, our very babes would mock you, had they
time for idle breath.

But to-day I leave the galley, and another takes
my place;

There's my name upon the deck-beam—let it
stand a little space.

I am free—to watch my messmates beating out
to open main,
Free of all that Life can offer—save to handle
sweep again.

By the brand upon my shoulder, by the gall of
clinging steel,
By the welt the whips have left me, by the scars
that never heal;
By eyes grown old with staring through the sun-
wash on the brine,
I am paid in full for service—would that service
still were mine!

Yet they talk of times and seasons and of woe
the years bring forth,
Of our galley swamped and shattered in the
rollers of the North.
When the niggers break the hatches, and the
decks are gay with gore,
And a craven-hearted pilot crams her crashing
on the shore.

She will need no half-mast signal, minute-gun,
or rocket-flare,

When the cry for help goes seaward, she will
find her servants there.

Battered chain-gangs of the orlop, grizzled
drafts of years gone by,

To the bench that broke their manhood, they
shall lash themselves and die.

Hale and crippled, young and aged, paid, de-
serted, shipped away—

Palace, cot, and lazaretto shall make up the tale
that day,

When the skies are black above them, and the
decks ablaze beneath,

And the top-men clear the raffle with their
clasp-knives in their teeth.

It may be that Fate will give me life and leave
to row once more—

Set some strong man free for fighting as I take
awhile his oar.

But to-day I leave the galley. Shall I curse her
service then?

God be thankful—whate'er comes after, I have
lived and toiled with Men!

L'ENVOI.

(To whom it may concern.)

THE smoke upon your Altar dies,

The flowers decay,

The Goddess of your sacrifice

Has flown away.

What profit then to sing or slay

The sacrifice from day to day?

“We know the Shrine is void,” they said,

“The Goddess flown—

Yet wreaths are on the Altar laid—

The Altar-Stone

Is black with fumes of sacrifice,

Albeit She has fled our eyes.

“For, if may be, if still we sing

And tend the Shrine,

Some Deity on wandering wing

May there incline;

And, finding all in order meet,

Stay while we worship at Her feet.”

THE CONUNDRUM OF THE
WORKSHOPS.

WHEN the flush of a new-born sun fell first on
Eden's green and gold,
Our father Adam sat under the Tree and
scratched with a stick in the mold;
And the first rude sketch that the world had
seen was joy to his mighty heart,
Till the Devil whispered behind the leaves:
"It's pretty, but is it art?"

Wherefore he called to his wife, and fled to
fashion his work anew—
The first of his race who cared a fig for the first,
most dread review;
And he left his lore to the use of his sons—
and that was a glorious gain
When the Devil chuckled: "It is art?" in the
ear of the branded Cain.

They builded a tower to shiver the sky and
wrench the stars apart,
Till the Devil grunted behind the bricks: "It's
striking, but is it art?"
The stone was dropped by the quarry-side, and
the idle derrick swung,
While each man talked of the aims of art, and
each in an alien tongue.

They fought and they talked in the north and
the south, they talked and they fought in
the west,
Till the waters rose on the jabbering land, and
the poor Red Clay had rest—
Had rest till the dank blank-canvas dawn when
the dove was preened to start,
And the Devil bubbled below the keel: "It's
human, but is it art?"

The tale is old as the Eden Tree—as new as the
new-cut tooth—

For each man knows ere his lip-thatch grows he
 is master of art and truth;
And each man hears as the twilight nears, to
 the beat of his dying heart,
The Devil drum on the darkened pane; “You
 did it, but was it art?”

We have learned to whittle the Eden Tree to
 the shape of a surplice-peg,
We have learned to bottle our parents twain in
 the yolk of an addled egg,
We know that the tail must wag the dog, as the
 horse is drawn by the cart;
But the Devil whoops, as he whooped of old:
 “‘It’s clever, but is it art?’”

When the flicker of London sun falls faint on
 the club-room’s green and gold,
The sons of Adam sit them down and scratch
 with their pens in the mold—

They scratch with their pens in the mold of
their graves, and the ink and the anguish
start

When the Devil mutters behind the leaves:
“It’s pretty, but is it art?”

Now, if we could win to the Eden Tree where
the four great rivers flow,
And the wreath of Eve is red on the turf as she
left it long ago,
And if we could come when the sentry slept, and
softly scurry through,
By the favor of God we might know as much
—as our father Adam knew.

THE EXPLANATION.

Love and Death once ceased their strife
At the Tavern of Man's Life.
Called for wine, and threw—alas!—
Each his quiver on the grass.
When the bout was o'er they found
Mingled arrows strewed the ground.
Hastily they gathered then
Each the loves and lives of men.
Ah, the fateful dawn deceived!
Mingled arrows each one sheaved:
Death's dread armory was stored
With the shafts he most abhorred:
Love's light quiver groaned beneath
Venom-headed darts of Death.
Thus it was they wrought our woe

At the Tavern long ago.

Tell me, do our masters know,

Loosing blindly as they fly,

Old men love while young men die?

THE GIFT OF THE SEA.

THE dead child lay in the shroud,
And the widow watched beside;
And her mother slept, and the Channel swept
The gale in the teeth of the tide.

But the widow laughed at all.

“I have lost my man in the sea,
And the child is dead. Be still,” she said,
“What more can you do to me?”

And the widow watched the dead,
And the candle guttered low,
And she tried to sing the Passing Song
That bids the poor soul go.

And "Mary take you now," she sang,
 "That lay against my heart."
And "Mary smooth your crib to-night,"
 But she could not say "Depart."

Then came a cry from the sea,
 But the sea-rime blinded the glass,
And "Heard ye nothing, mother?" she said;
 " 'Tis the child that waits to pass."

And the nodding mother sighed.
 " 'Tis a lambing ewe in the whim,
For why should the christened soul cry out,
 That never knew of sin?"

"Oh, feet I have in my hand,
 Oh, hands at my heart to catch,
How should they know the road to go,
 And how should they lift the latch?"

They laid a sheet to the door,
With the little quilt atop,
That it might not hurt from the cold or the dirt,
But the crying would not stop.

The widow lifted the latch
And strained her eyes to see,
And opened the door on the bitter shore
To let the soul go free.

There was neither glimmer nor ghost,
There was neither spirit nor spark,
And "Heard ye nothing, mother?" she said,
" 'Tis crying for me in the dark."

And the nodding mother sighed.
" 'Tis sorrow makes ye dull;
Have ye yet to learn the cry of the tern,
Or the wail of the wind-blown gull?"

“The terns are blown inland,
The gray gull follows the plow.
’Twas never a bird, the voice I heard,
O mother, I hear it now!”

“Lie still, dear lamb, lie still;
The child is passed from harm,
’Tis the ache in your breast that broke your
rest,
And the feel of an empty arm.”

She puts her mother aside,
“In Mary’s name let be!
For the peace of my soul I must go,” she said,
And she went to the calling sea.

In the heel of the wind-bit pier,
Where the twisted weed was piled,
She came to the life she had missed by an hour,
For she came to a little child.

She laid it into her breast,
And back to her mother she came,
But it would not feed, and it would not heed,
Though she gave it her own child's name.

And the dead child dripped on her breast,
And her own in the shroud lay stark;
And, "God forgive us, mother," she said,
"We let it die in the dark!"

EVARRA 'AND HIS GODS.

Read here,

This is the story of Evarra—man—

Maker of Gods in lands beyond the sea.

Because the city gave him of her gold,
Because the caravans brought turquoises,
Because his life was sheltered by the King,
So that no man should maim him, none should
steal,

Or break his rest with babble in the streets
When he was weary after toil, he made
An image of his God in gold and pearl,
With turquoise diadem and human eyes,
A wonder in the sunshine, known afar
And worshiped by the King; but, drunk with
pride,

Because the city bowed to him for God,

He wrote above the shrine: "*Thus Gods are
made,
And whoso makes them otherwise shall die.*"
And all the city praised him. . . . Then
he died.

*Read here the story of Evarra—man—
Maker of Gods in lands beyond the sea.*

Because his city had no wealth to give,
Because the caravans were spoiled afar,
Because his life was threatened by the King,
So that all men despised him in the streets.
He hacked the living rock, with sweat and
tears,
And reared a God against the morning-gold
A terror in the sunshine, seen afar,
And worshiped by the King; but, drunk with
pride,
Because the city fawned to bring him back,
He carved upon the plinth: "*Thus Gods are
made,*

And whoso makes them otherwise shall die.”

And all the people praised him. . . .

Then he died.

Read here the story of Evarra—man—

Maker of Gods in lands beyond the sea.

Because he lived among the simple folk,

Because his village was between the hills,

Because he smeared his cheeks with blood of
ewes,

He cut an idol from a fallen pine,

Smeared blood upon its cheeks, and wedged
a shell

Above its brows for eye, and gave it hair

Of trailing moss, and plaited straw for
crown.

And all the village praised him for this
craft,

And brought him butter, honey, milk, and
curds.

Wherefore, because the shouting drove him
mad,

He scratched upon that log: "*Thus Gods are
made,*

And whoso makes them otherwise shall die."

And all the people praised him. . . .

Then he died.

Read here the story of Evarra—man—

Maker of Gods in lands beyond the sea.

Because his God decreed one clot of blood

Should swerve a hair's-breadth from the
pulse's path,

And chafe his brain, Evarra mowed alone,

Rag-wrapped, among the cattle in the fields,

Counting his fingers, jesting with the trees,

And mocking at the mist, until his God

Drove him to labor. Out of dung and
horns

Dropped in the mire he made a monstrous
God,

Abhorrent, shapeless, crowned with plain-
tain tufts.

And when the cattle lowed at twilight-time,
He dreamed it was the clamor of lost crowds,
And howled among the beasts: "*Thus Gods
are made,*

And whoso makes them otherwise shall die."

Thereat the cattle bellowed. . . . Then
he died.

Yet at the last he came to Paradise,
And found his own four Gods, and that he
wrote;

And marveled, being very near to God,
What oaf on earth had made his toil God's
law,

Till God said, mocking. "Mock not. These
be thine."

Then cried Evarra: "I have sinned!"—"Not
so.

If thou hadst written otherwise, thy Gods

Had rested in the mountain and the mine,
And I were poorer by four wondrous Gods,
And thy more wondrous law, Evarra. Thine,
Servant of shouting crowds and lowing kine.”
Thereat with laughing mouth, but tear-wet
eyes,

Evarra cast his Gods from Paradise.

This is the story of Evarra—man—

Maker of Gods in lands beyond the sea.

RECESSIONAL.

A VICTORIAN ODE.

God of our fathers, known of old—

Lord of our far-flung battle line—

Beneath whose awful hand we hold

Dominion over palm and pine—

Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,

Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—

The Captains and the Kings depart—

Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,

An humble and a contrite heart.

Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,

Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away—

On dune and headland sinks the fire—

Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power we loose
Wild tongues that have not thee in awe—
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard.
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord!

AMEN.

L'ENVOI.

WHAT is the moral? Who rides may read.

When the night is thick and the tracks are
blind

A friend at a pinch is a friend indeed;

But a fool to wait for the laggard behind;
Down to Gehenna or up to the Throne
He travels the fastest who travels alone.

White hands cling to the tightened rein,

Slipping the spur from the booted heel,
Tenderest voices cry, "Turn again,"

Red lips tarnish the scabbarded steel,
High hopes faint on a warm hearthstone—
He travels the fastest who travels alone.

One may fall but he falls by himself—

Falls by himself with himself to blame

One may attain and to him is the pelf,
Loot of the city in Gold or Fame:
Plunder of earth shall be all his own
Who travels the fastest and travels alone.

Wherefore the more ye be holpen and stayed—
Stayed by a friend in the hour of toil,
Sing the heretical song I have made—
His be the labor and yours be the spoil.
Win by his aid and the aid disown—
He travels the fastest who travels alone.

THE END

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